POETRY OF THE ANTI-WAR

THE NATION

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The Student Vanguard

SIX DAYS IN PARIS

HARRY BRAVERMAN

Back from Vietnam

THE INVISIBLE VETERANS

SANDY GOODMAN

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on James T. Farrell

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LETTERS

Columbia

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: The tragic event at Columbia can have one fruitful outcome if it will draw public attention to the need for democratization of Columbia's Board of Trustees.

Presidents and provosts may come and go: they only execute policy that is set by this self-appointed, self-perpetuating group of trustees—responsible to no one but themselves. For the most part they achieved their positions by having been successful entrepreneurs in an acquisitive society, which is not only not a qualification for ruling a vast educational complex but is the kind of record that results in a self-sufficient mentality not unlike the traditional Bourbon outlook: they learn nothing, they forget nothing.

It is incidental and illustrative that in an institution located near Harlem and affecting so many Puerto Ricans by its real estate operations, there is neither a black man nor a Hispano-American on the board. . . .

Howard N. Meyer, Columbia '34

quality of dissent

Long Beach, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: A few footnotes, cautionary and otherwise, might be added to Prof. Louis Levine's analysis of campus confrontations ["Why Students Seize Power," *The Nation*, May 13]. The real focus of the article is upon the why of the new, ideological student activism. But should we not also be concerned about the quality of such dissent . . . and about immediate and long-term results?

The militants at some institutions mobilize and deploy student power because they *can*, at the moment, while confrontation is still fashionable. And if the activists of X University have genuine grievances about significant issues, it is possible for the militants of Y University to apply the same highly effective tactics of disruption in disputes over matters of considerably less substance.

Professor Levine points out the typical reactions against the militant minority by the trustees, "jocks," "freddies" and faculty supporters of the "hard-line, law and order position." He does not comment on the equally Pavlovian behavior of the posturing sort of student (and faculty) activist, hell-bent on doing his thing regardless of the merits of a given case or the consequences to the academic community.

D. A. Drury

Berkeley schools

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Between the submission of our article on Berkeley's elementary school integration ("The City That Went to School," *The Nation*, May 13) and publication, a few errors came to our attention that inadvertently were not corrected. For one, Dr. Roy Nichols is minister of Salem—rather than St. Mark's—Methodist Church in Harlem. Another is that the recall election of October, 1964, concerned only two integrationist board members since the other three (of which Dr. Nichols was one) had already resigned.

One matter of interpretation should be mentioned. The Berkeley school people insist that the elementary schools are not tracked and therefore cannot be untracked. Granted that these schools draw from segregated neighborhoods and that many influential philosophical survivals of tracking remain in the system (which is the way we had hoped our corrected formulation to read), we would then concede the validity of the objection. . . . *Ray* and *Betty Halpern*

EDITORIALS

Out of the Blue

There are many kinds of revolution and for each kind one can find more than one theoretical explanation. But underlying the phenomenon in its major form there is always a radical shift or change in mass consciousness. Suddenly, it seems, people begin to perceive socio-economic situations in a new way. The perspective shifts, the shift is momentous, but it is not as abrupt as it appears on the surface. The change has been gestating over a period measured in years, not in weeks or days.

The happenings in Paris are a case in point. Without political leadership, without union leadership, events rose to a boil under the eyes of the unsuspecting Gaullist regime. But the Gaullists were no blinder than the Communists who, far from leading the revolution, hesitated, then jumped on the bandwagon. The revolution was triggered by students. The police made the blunders the police always make, whether in France or the United States, but in France, with its revolutionary traditions, the consequences were more serious. Yet, for all these blunders and all this inattention up on high, if the consciousness of the people had not changed the student revolt would have died away, having gained some changes in university administration and nothing more. The students, as one of them is quoted as saying in this issue (p. 719) simply had "achieved consciousness in advance of others. . . ."

The premonitory student conversion is not a purely French phenomenon, as Neal Ascherson shows in "Soviets on the Campus" (*The Observer*, May 19, 1968). In the United States the students have not torn up the cobblestones and modernized the barricades with overturned automobiles, and they lack political theory, although Ascherson sees an incipient Maoist kind of social analysis in Students for a Democratic Society. But this time American students were in the lead; it was the Sorbonne students that followed, fighting in their way, as Frenchmen fight when the revolutionary mood seizes them. The student grievances in the two countries (and leaders of other industrialized nations had better listen and learn) were and are much the same. University populations have multiplied out of proportion to the increase in facilities. The schools and colleges have largely become what H. L. Mencken called "rolling mills" of learning for the mass production of specialists to attend to the needs of a technological society. Students and junior faculties feel more and more out of touch with impersonal administrations. The teacher/pupil ratio has declined; many of the professors have little interest in anything but research or working for the government. All the elements of alienation, resentment and rebellion are present to a greater extent among the students than among the workers, but it is only a matter of degree.

In France the workers were in the same mood, without being aware of the extent to which as a mass group they shared sentiments with the students. The workers who seized the Sud-Aviation factory at Nantes (which makes Caravelle jets) and locked themselves in, were astonished

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when the workers of other factories raised the red flag and followed their example. Within a few days France was in the grip of a near-general strike. If ever there was a grass-roots revolution, this was it. It was a wildcat strike on a national scale.

A rare phenomenon, surely, and new theories will have to be invented. It is a revolution less against the state as state, than against the current form of society, against the whole technological-bureaucratic pattern of civilization. Somewhat the same thing is happening in Prague as in Paris: we may be seeing a world-wide uprising against repressive institutions. The institutions are called on to respond, to mesh gears with what people want, feel, need as human beings. Of course there are also local grievances about dormitories and sex mores, about wages and hours, but if these are satisfied, the students and the people will still not be satisfied with the pre-existing institutions.

We should take timely warning from the events in France. The revolt there may peter out for the present, but the de Gaulle regime will never be the same again. Here, a party system that masquerades as a true democracy, but is nothing of the kind, cannot endure. It is a fraud; some of the people know it for a fraud now; others will find out; still others will resist any adaptive change in institutions. Our political system must be infused with the life and vitality it now lacks, or sharp civil strife lies ahead.

Nixon's 'New' Coalition

Everything about Richard Nixon is new, or at least looks new. His appearance on TV is much improved: now one might conceivably buy a used car from this man. His new character overflows with the milk of human kindness and spouts a dialogue that is as funny at times as a Lucille Ball script. If this contravenes all we have been told by the psychologists about people in their fifties, Dick may claim to be a shining exception. Most important, the fellow has a new coalition—and it's a humdinger.

Nixon has picked up where Barry Goldwater left off, and since Barry is clumsy while Dick is clever, it would be careless to dismiss the latter's chances. Geographically, the Goldwater coalition took in the South, the Mountain States and the Midwest, with the various political aspirations and grievances of these three regions. Though Goldwater is not himself a racist, there was a tinge of racism in many of his moves. The inclusion of the Old South—which had not yet shipped North a large proportion of its unneeded Negroes—reinforced the elements of racism in the Goldwater coalition, just at a time when civil rights were in the ascendancy. Another weakness was that the elements in the Goldwater line-up had no strong cohesion, and Goldwater's campaign blunders finished it off.

The Nixon coalition looks even more thinly stuck together; but in a year of confusion, and with Nixon's incomparable gall as a binder, it is not to be underestimated. Its components are liberals, Black Militants and the New South. The cement contains various ingredients—opposition to centralization of power, white anxiety to placate the rebellious Negroes (if it can be done without upsetting the *status quo*), a general uneasiness about America's

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future and, as a corollary, a yearning to return to the tried and true, or a simulacrum thereof.

Nixon woos the Black Militants with the notion of Black Power in the form of black capitalism. White America, he says, has sought to buy off the Negro with welfare payments, when what is needed to make the ghetto a Great Society is "the economic power that comes from ownership, and the security and independence that come from economic power." Every Negro a capitalist! And of course no Black Militant, having somehow grown rich under President Nixon, will think of exploiting any other Negro —not only because the other Negro is a Soul Brother but because the other will be rich too.

This scheme has been taken apart before. What chance, in a post-industrial, high-technology society like ours, would ghetto small business have? It would anchor the Negro more firmly than ever in a segregated, underdeveloped society, somewhat like that of the struggling nations of Africa. It was debunked in Abram Harris' *The Negro as Capitalist*—in 1936. The average American Negro has too much sense to buy such a bill of goods, but unlike Goldwater, Nixon will not be alienating the Negro voters *en masse*.

Nixon's bid for "liberal" support falls under the heading of what the CIA would call a "cover story"; that is, it is designed to make him appear much more "modern," much less "extremist" than Barry Goldwater. By purporting to find a parallel between some of his views and those of Daniel Moynihan (and the parallel does exist), Nixon hopes to succeed in convincing the gullible that he is much less intransigent than Goldwater. And so he is, in the sense that he is an opportunist and Goldwater is not. In a word, Nixon is trying to borrow the cloak of liberalism from certain apostate "liberals," thus suggesting that his views are much more "reasonable" than were Goldwater's. But his basic strategy is much the same as that of Goldwater and he is appealing to essentially the same elements. When, for example, he asks for the support of the New South, he makes his simultaneous plea for the support of the Old South much less palpable than was Goldwater's wooing of that element. In brief, the talk about Black Capitalism, the New Liberals, and the New South is all by way of putting a gloss on the ideology of Goldwaterism and covering up the underlying presuppositions on which the Goldwater coalition was based.

The Nixon idea has a substratum of sense in it, as *The Nation* recognized in the 1964 campaign. (See "Goldwaterism: The New Ideology" by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, August 24, 1964, p. 68, and "Goldwater Seeks a New Coalition" by Alan K. Campbell and Seymour Sacks, *The New York Times Magazine*, August 23, 1964.) The element of sense is that new centers of power have arisen outside New York, particularly in Texas, in the missile crescent from Cape Kennedy to Houston, and thence west to Southern California. In this great arc are the money and power of a *nouveau riche* element that likes to thumb its nose at New York and Boston, the power bases of the Rockefellers and Kennedys, and is especially alienated by a scholarly politician like Gene McCarthy.

There is really nothing new in the idea of a coalition which takes these basic facts into account. All Nixon has done is to dress up the racial part of it by a phony appeal to Negroes gullible enough, or self-seeking enough, to swallow it. But for Nixon's purpose—which is, first, last and always, the snaring of votes—it is not to be dismissed as utter fantasy. To give Nixon his due, he is a practical man. And for nerve he has no peer in American politics, past or present.

Concentration Camps?

For the past several months, rumors have circulated—principally in Black Nationalist circles but also among anti-war demonstrators, and leftist groups of various shades—to the effect that the government is preparing concentration camps for rioters, arsonists, draft card burners and other types regarded by the Red hunters as high internal security risks.

In *Look* (May 28), William Hedgepeth, a senior editor, reveals that Martin Luther King, Jr., told him six days before his assassination: "I see a ghetto perhaps cordoned off into a concentration camp. I haven't said there was a move afoot, just that it is a possibility. The more there are riots, the more repression will take place, and the more we face the danger of a right-wing take-over, and eventually a Fascist society." The Black Nationalist groups, said Dr. King, believe the government is preparing concentration camps in various locations. "They are absolutely convinced of this," he assured Hedgepeth. "I don't think this is the spreading of a false rumor; it's something they really believe."

Responding to these rumors, Attorney General Ramsey Clark has said that there "have been and will be no concentration camps." But this assurance will not quiet the rumors to which Dr. King referred, for the possibility does in fact exist. Six so-called "detention centers" were set up in 1952 under Title II, Section 104(c) of the McCarran Act, which provides that persons "detained" under the Act may be confined "in such places of detention as may be prescribed by the Attorney General." They still exist today. Mr. Clark feels that Title II does not pose a threat: "It's all so academic because it's so remote."

What is "academic" today, however, may be quite real tomorrow. Senator McCarran himself described the Title II amendment as "a concentration camp measure, pure and simple," and Senator Mundt called it a program for ". . . establishing concentration camps into which people might be put without benefit of trial, but merely by executive fiat." And the Supreme Court upheld the legislation —as a wartime measure to be sure—under which the West Coast Japanese were "detained" during World War II.

A recent report issued by the House Committee on Un-American Activities suggests that the centers might be used to detain urban guerrilla fighters in case of major riots. And Senator Eastland's proposed "Internal Security Act of 1968" which the Senate is now considering (described by Thomas I. Emerson of the Yale Law School as "the legal foundation for a police state") would, if enacted, greatly enlarge the categories of potential detainees.

Title II of the McCarran Act should, of course, be repealed, but that is not likely to happen, given the Attorney

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General's nonchalant attitude. "In terms of priorities," he has said, "I'd rather have open-housing legislation." Perhaps; all the same, Title II should be repealed, and on his recommendation—that is, if he really has no intention of using it. Fortunately, the American Civil Liberties Union is preparing to file an action which would seek an injunction against enforcement of Title II on the ground that it is unconstitutional. What is important is not that detention centers exist—if they did not, the government could build them in a hurry—but the fact that as long as Title II is on the statute book and its enforcement has not been enjoined, rumors of the kind now afloat will add to the current tension and uneasiness.

Instructive Little Incident

On April 19 the Senate voted 31 to 28 to let a contract for the building of several FDLs—Fast Deployment Logistics ships. These are 40,000 tonners of approximately 900-foot length, designed to hold not troops but military rolling stock under controlled humidity conditions, so that the equipment will be ready for use at any time. Supposedly, they are to complement U.S. air-lift capacity—C-5 transports carrying about 500 troops apiece with light equipment.

This identical item had been cut out of the 1967 and 1968 budgets but was restored in the 1969 budget. It may be killed in the Appropriations Committee, but it shows how the military-industrial complex moves, not in a conspiratorial way but by sheer momentum. The military section cooks up new schemes for global involvement and lobbies for the necessary hardware in Congress. The industrial section is hungry for business. And unpredictable events follow in the Congressional committees that are supposed to evaluate these schemes before they get out on the floor, where scarcely any member is in a position to know what it is all about.

In this case the favored finalists were aerospace firms with shipbuilding facilities they had promised to modernize. Lockheed, General Dynamics and Litton Industries face cutbacks from the reduced appropriations in store for NASA, and it is logical to think that some *quid pro quo* was promised to the primary shipbuilding companies that were deprived of what would normally be their plum. Even so, the proposal would have had little chance if Sen. Richard Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, had not happened to be ill. Russell was opposed to the project, but in his absence, Sen. John Stennis was able to elicit Senate approval.

An interesting sidelight is that this FDL business is of great interest to Ingalls Shipbuilding Co. of Pascagoula, Miss., a subsidiary of Litton. It may be purely coincidental, but Mr. Stennis is the Senator from Mississippi.

The New Insurgency

Tickets for Senator McCarthy's Madison Square Garden rally on May 19 were not cheap, but aside from the privilege of giving to a good cause, playwright Arthur Miller's talk—which the press ignored and from which the following excerpts are taken—made the price seem modest:

> From Moscow to Warsaw to Prague to Paris to Rio to Berkeley and New York, there is a deep and boiling rebellion against institutions and institutionalized feeling. Be it a government, a university, a moral code or a way of life, the institution as king is naked now. The mere fact that it exists is no longer proof of its value. In the past four years the war in Vietnam has become an institution, an institution with high private, sacred ceremonies of death and sacrifice, and all the sanctification of a holy crusade. Now, you can criticize an institution, you can suggest improvements and even point out its failings, but there is one thing you dare not do excepting at the risk of your public life, and that is to ask why it should exist at all . . . .
>
> The next President is going to face a revolutionary country and a world in revolution, and he will need a lot more than gallantry. He will need the habit of mind to perceive in the institutions he leads what is dead and inhuman and must be dismantled. The next President will not be able to lead by consensus, by the expert manipulation of opinion, or by calls for unity, however passionate. For our disunity has been institutionalized into this country and into this world by virtue of the rule of the contented over the desperate. A unity based on injustice cannot last and it ought not to last.
>
> The next President will have to weigh every action not for what it will do for our prestige or our institutions but for what it will do to people. Everyone of the candidates in this campaign knew perfectly well what the Vietnam War was doing not only to the Vietnamese but the American people. Why did they not speak directly to this issue? Because the institution of war in Vietnam was sacrosanct, it was forbidden territory. Forbidden to all but one who dared to stand and face that frightful juggernaut while the others were on their knees thinking their private thoughts.

The Revolutionary Test

"Neither the agricultural nor the industrial problem has been resolved," said Mao Tse-tung to André Malraux in 1965. "Still less, the problem of the young . . . . The young must be put to the test." The Frenchman, perhaps from the hindsight of 1967, sensed the formation of "a new revolutionary action comparable to the one which raised and then repressed 'The Hundred Flowers.' "

Since then, of course, the Red Guards have shaken the state "as a madman shakes a dead geranium," the students of Prague have turned out the Stalinist rascals and, rather than being tested, the followers of Dutschke, Savio, Carmichael and 500 other leaders at 500 other places have themselves put many a situation to many a test.

Are what a too quickly cynical Chicago professor called "the revolting young" unique to these times? In most ways, surely not. The University of Paris was shaken apart in Abélard's day; Cambridge was formed—like today's free universities—by rebellious Oxford students; even the young Harlan Fisk Stone (assisted, it is said, by the young Calvin Coolidge) led an Amherst "riot" that toppled a college president.

And there have been still deeper juvenile trenches. In the time of Louis XIV, the Camisards tore southern

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France apart for years. They sprang from religious suppression and broken official promises. There were Paul Goodmans (Jurieu) and Che Guevaras (du Serre). Children, called "*petits prophètes*," went from village to village spouting quotations—not from Chairman Mao but from Revelations. The army commander, Cavalier, was a 17-year-old baker's boy, and such injunctions as the following were issued: "We demand that you throw out all the priests and missionaries within three days or be burned alive with them."

A few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Opie showed in their *Language and Lore of Childhood* that a Davy Crockett rhyme thought up in Topeka could appear within a week in Brussels and Tasmania; now the politics of youthful action travel with as great speed. A 23-year-old German house painter (that fatal profession) is inspired by the assassination of Martin Luther King to shoot Rudi Dutschke, and within a month students are in the administrative fortresses of Columbia and Grenoble. Although the FBI and the Deuxième Bureau will find portraits of Chairman Mao stuck up in both places, they should not think it is the old type of conspiracy. The "breath" is there, but it is that contagious classic breath of the revolting young.

Still, many of these young, not so young, and professional young are tuned in and set up for the glorious and immediate planetary revolution. Distributing leaflets on the greenswards of their seminaries, they might do well to think on Chairman Mao's revolutionary notions. Fifty years, he tells his French visitor, is a very short time. "Khrushchev seemed to think a revolution is done when a Communist party comes to power—as if it had something to do with national liberation. . . . Lenin knew the Revolution only began then. . . . You remember Kosygin at the 23rd Congress: 'Communism is the raising of the standard of living.' Oh yes! And swimming is a way of putting on a bathing suit! . . . Everything is yet to be done! The thought, the culture, the customs which led China where we found her must disappear. . . ."

No, it is not civil injustice, military brutality or bureaucratic stultification that concern the revolutionary. It is everything. "I bring not peace but a sword," said another whose revolution was quickly muddled by the old human slime.

RICHARD STERN

JOHN COLLIER'S VISION

D'ARCY McNICKLE

Mr. McNickle is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana. He is a professor of anthropology at the University of Saskatchewan, Regina Campus.

John Collier, former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, died on May 8 in the little Holy Cross Hospital at Taos, N.M., at the age of 84. His death silences one of the civilized voices of a savage age.

The fact that his long and productive life ended at Taos carries its own poignancy, for at Taos some forty-six years ago John Collier found his purpose. The Taos Indians who sang by his bedside at the end were acknowledging that discovery, thus completing the cycle.

As Commissioner during the years 1933-45, years of depression and war, Collier quite certainly rescued American Indians from the doom prepared for them by generations of stupidity and venality fostered by government policies and practices. Indians will thus have the most immediate sense of loss in Collier's passing. Less immediate and less apparent is the loss of a social critic of uncommon gifts.

For Collier, insight into Indian life gave access to "stupendous facts within tiny dimensions" about the condition of man in modern society. That was what first commanded his attention at Taos Pueblo in 1922, as he watched a ceremonial dance. Later he described how "a whole race of men, before my eyes, passed into ecstasy through a willed discipline, splendid and fierce, yet structural, an objectively impassioned discipline which was a thousand years old."

Watching the dancers, he realized: "These were unsentimental men who could neither read nor write, poor men who lived by hard work, men who were told every day in all kinds of unsympathetic ways that all they believed in and cared for had to die, and who never answered back. For these men were at one with their gods."

As he reflected on these and similar scenes in the years that carried him deeper into tribal affairs, it was borne in on Collier that Indians had retained something that had disappeared from the lives of industrialized Westerners. Urbanization had uprooted populations, destroyed neighborhoods, impoverished the relationship between generations, expanded enormously such escape devices as commercialized recreation, and favored the lowest common denominators in entertainment and mass communication. In all of this, urbanized man stood bewildered, confronting ultimate destruction.

That Indian societies could survive in an environment so hostile to simple folk values could only astonish a mind as sophisticated as his. In spite of oppression, contumely, appropriation of their wealth, even threats of extermination through wars and pestilence, they had remained viable, keeping their languages, their religions, their kinship systems and their self-views and world views. They had been adaptive and assimilative, yet faithful to the past. He observed: "Intensity of life, form in life, beauty in the human relationship, happiness and amplitude of personality are not dependent on complexity of material culture or on that 'security' which in the world today has come to be a controlling objective. . . . It is hard for us, citizens of an age of giant external power, to conceive that the human psychic and social values . . . were not created by ourselves."

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Sustained by a strongly integrated personality, Collier never adulterated the intellectual content of his discourse. Whether writing letters to his field officers, addressing a meeting of DAR ladies, or preparing an editorial for the Bureau's house organ, *Indians at Work*, he wrote or talked in a prose style that often dazzled and confounded his audience. On one occasion, after he had spent several hours speaking eloquently on Indian values and world view before a Congressional committee, at the conclusion of which the committee members trooped out of the meeting room glassy-eyed, the clerk of the committee shook his head dejectedly. "What a pity," he remarked, "they didn't understand a word he said."

The Indians, however, seemed always to understand. Either the interpreters who worked with him were unusually good, or his style of speech translated readily into the richly imaged native vernaculars. Whatever the reason, one always sensed a quickening of responsiveness when Collier addressed an Indian gathering. His voice carried warmth, gentility and dignity, modulated by tenderness, which brought quick smiles of recognition and sometimes teasing answers. It was the kind of discourse which Indians could appreciate because their good speakers display similar manners.

Because he would not temper the quality of his conceptual grasp, Collier was sometimes dismissed as a visionary, an impractical intellectual. Because he expounded Indian worth, and more particularly, perhaps, because he insisted on extending religious and cultural freedom to Indian groups and proved to be politically astute in obtaining the enactment of such life-giving legislation as the Indian Reorganization Act, he was accused of turning the clock back on Indian development and of trying to convert Indians into museum pieces. His detractors constituted a strange medley of unlikely associates—frustrated land grabbers, special-interest lobbyists, Indian "experts" of various shades of competence, overzealous Bible thumpers, and an occasional part-time Indian who had been discovered in some act of chicanery.

In spite of all the criticisms aimed at his administration, subsequent events demonstrated the soundness of the vision and the practicality of the action. With encouragement to act out their own lives and with the beginnings of financial assistance in restoring and developing their resource base (abruptly halted by war), Indian tribes all across the country seemed to renew their traditional tribalism, while at the same time participating increasingly in areas of interest in the general society. Identity with an Indian community, even an urban community of relocated tribesmen, provides the base from which adaptive and assimilative processes can draw new growth. Without such a base, there can be only a withering of social impulses.

Thus, Collier wrote: "Societies are living things, sources of the power and values of their members; to be and to function in a consciously living, aspiring, striving society is to be a personality fulfilled."

It may yet happen that fragmented, depersonalized urban man will give thanks that the Indians were not totally destroyed. And on that day, however far off, a special debt will be owed John Collier for having defined and explored the terms by which the Indian people could survive.

THE STUDENT VANGUARD

SIX DAYS IN PARIS

HARRY BRAVERMAN
Mr. Braverman, director of Monthly Review Press, was on a European publishing trip when the upheaval broke out in France.

On Thursday, May 9, late in the afternoon, Paris seemed peaceful. From the airport bus moving along the Avenue du Maine, I saw the usual crowds of shoppers and strollers; the cafés were starting to fill up. The taxi driver raced from the Aerogare to the hotel in Montparnasse with customary Paris dash; a book open on the wheel in front of him, he insisted on an English lesson as he shot through traffic.

But the newspapers report that the university buildings of Nanterre and the Sorbonne are closed, the Latin Quarter is occupied by massive police forces, and the students are continuing their protests of the past two weeks. The national unions of students and of university teachers are standing firm on their strike order, demanding evacuation of police from the Latin Quarter, the release of imprisoned demonstrators, and the reopening of the Sorbonne.

At the publishing house of François Maspero, next morning, things were a bit upset. The police had flung a gas grenade into the firm's bookstore off the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and several people were seriously injured. It was claimed that, along with the usual tear gas, the police were using a variety employed by the Americans in Vietnam that can inflict serious and permanent injury. Students, newspapers, Sorbonne professors expert in chemical warfare, and much of Paris seemed to believe the charge. Feeling against police brutality was running high, newspapers as staid as *Le Monde* carrying page-long accounts of unprovoked attacks against students and bystanders, including foreign tourists (who, someone remarked, were especially badly beaten because, unlike the student demonstrators, they didn't fight back).

In the Latin Quarter, police were everywhere, blocking off streets, gathered in menacing groups at squares and intersections. Everywhere also were the *paniers à salade*, the black Paris police wagons, in graduated sizes up to bus length. The Compagnies Republicaines de Sécurité (CRS), riot troops of the Ministry of the Interior, were

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out in force: heavy, black-coated, steel-helmeted, with shields on their arms, big goggles over their eyes and submachine guns slung on their shoulders, they look particularly dangerous, even sinister. Most of the police and troops stared impassively, but some of their faces glowed with hatred.

That evening, from 6:30, there was a demonstration at the Place Denfert-Rochereau in Montparnasse. At starting time, the square was filled with students and sympathizers, probably 20,000 people. The speeches were hard to hear, the amplifiers being weak. Soon a march began down the Boulevard Arago, and the walls resounded with "*Liberez nos camarades!*" The demonstration headed for the Santé prison, but was turned away. It moved into the Latin Quarter, where, later that evening, police blocked passage into many streets and students milled. Some theatres were closing, some restaurants putting up their iron shutters.

In the smaller streets, the students began to build barricades. Cars were dragged from the curbs and lined up across the narrow ways. The heavy iron grilles that encircle the trees were taken up and thrown into the gaps, along with street signs and anything else loose; thousands of cobblestones were torn up and heaped on top. One barricade was almost 10 feet high. Meanwhile, car radios were turned on and groups huddled close to listen. Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the most popular student leader, has proclaimed a peaceful occupation of the Latin Quarter. The students are to entrench themselves and remain until the police withdraw; meanwhile, student leaders are meeting with university officials, though taking the stand that they will not negotiate until their imprisoned comrades are free. By one o'clock, the students had made themselves as comfortable as they could for the night; it seemed time to leave.

But the next morning, Saturday, the 11th, all Paris was on its ear. Shortly after 2 A.M., the police had been ordered to demolish the barricades and drive the students out. Fighting went on all through the night. The police were better armed, of course, and used gas, fire hoses, truncheons and concussion grenades. These last are supposedly meant only to frighten, but one young student had his hand blown off. The students have the advantages usual to guerrillas and street fighters: the sympathy of the inhabitants, who sheltered them and showered the police with missiles from their windows; a better knowledge of the terrain; and a fighting spirit that, next day, had Paris excited with admiration.

The police operation was far from successful. The *International Herald Tribune* described the fighting this way:

> Some 500 specially trained riot police moved up from around the flowering Luxembourg Gardens. Carrying shields in one hand and truncheons in the other, they quickly overran the outer barricades, sending the outpost defenders fleeing.
>
> When they reached the Rue Gay-Lussac they ran into the stronghold, held by about 3,000 students, the ones who wanted to fight. The stronghold held out till dawn. It never really fell—it just got smaller. . . .
>
> The police had first tried to weaken the resistance of the defenders by shelling them with rifle-launched tear gas grenades. When the first line of riot police tried to take the first barricade they were driven back by their own tear gas—despite masks.
>
> The students didn't have any masks but they stayed somehow in that inferno. Reporters who tried to get in were driven back coughing and crying, and the radio men had to switch off. But the students held out and even counterattacked.
>
> The police set off flares and fired in their grenades. The students put up red flags. The police shot in concussion grenades. The students mounted the roofs and shelled them with paving stones. The police charged the barricades. The students replied with molotov cocktails. Before long most of the barricades were in flames.
>
> It was warfare without bullets. By 3 a.m. the police had decided they could not take the stronghold because of the fires and retreated to near the Gare du Luxembourg to patiently continue the shelling. No one in the stronghold had fled. They cursed and they shouted and sang the "Marseillaise" and the "Internationale." It sounded like a war. . . .
>
> Finally, the riot police shock troops were sent in. Flames burst out up and down the street. A water main was hit and flooded the streets with filth from the grenades. The tear gas was held down by low clouds. The students on the rooftops continued to shower the police with whatever they had left. Fire trucks got as close as they could to lay down water. By 5:30, in daylight, some 100 students were left . . . . Some were still on the rooftops much later yesterday morning, sleeping in the rain, silhouetted against the chimneys, waiting for the police to come.

The prefect of police quickly charged that the leaders were not students but "guerrillas" with a knowledge of barricade building and street fighting. The charge was greeted with hoots of laughter all over Paris, and Cohn-Bendit, "Dany, le Rouge," said: "What happened in the street is that all the young people were expressing themselves against a certain society." But one does have to marvel at these students with their barricades, their resourceful combat tactics, their motorcycle couriers, their whistle signals, their bullhorns, their fast surprise maneuvers. Against reason, one is forced to feel that the children of France imbibe all this with their mothers' milk.

Demonstrations had taken place all over France, sentiment was overwhelmingly with the students, and two powerful forces now felt moved to respond. The government announced withdrawal of the police from the Sorbonne and its reopening. On the other side, the big parties of the Left and the union federations decided to throw their great weight into the battle. The students greeted their new allies with mixed feelings. With elation —from then on the slogan heard everywhere was *Ouvriers et étudiants ensemble!* But also with wariness, because insofar as the students have any leadership it is made up of dissident radicals—Maoists, Guevarists, Trotskyists, anarchists—and also because almost up to this instant, the students had been contemptuously dismissed by the Communists as "adventurers," "bourgeois" and "*fils à papa.*" Naturally, they didn't like being called "papa's boys," an epithet that in any case seemed particularly inappropriate at the moment. And more deeply, the students regard the big Left parties as almost part of the Establishment, have little confidence that these parties can

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ever change society, and are repelled by what they know of Communist rule in Russia and Eastern Europe. Dany Cohn-Bendit calls the Communists "Stalinist creeps."

But now, all over Paris, placards on the newspaper kiosks proclaimed a general strike and monster demonstration for Monday. Leaflets were passed out, a few skirmishes took place, the weekend passed in an atmosphere of expectancy. Paris was overwhelmingly sympathetic to the students; polls showed that they had the backing of four persons out of five. Not that the sentiment was by any means universal; in the bar of the Pont Royal, for instance, I overheard a haughty, well-dressed woman: "Yes, of course, they can go and burn our cars in the Latin Quarter. And what can we do to them in return? They don't even own anything we can destroy!"

But Monday morning showed how many there were who would not have applauded the indignant and militant lady. The Métro was running, but the ticket seller and ticket taker waved me through. Not as many trains as usual, but that day everyone rode free, courtesy of the subway workers of Paris. And at the Place de la République where the demonstration was to gather, it was almost impossible well before the appointed hour to force one's way to the center of the square, where a view from the top of a construction shanty showed a human sea, banners waving, red flags flying, and as far as the eye could see down three principal boulevards, masses of demonstrators trying to push forward into the huge square.

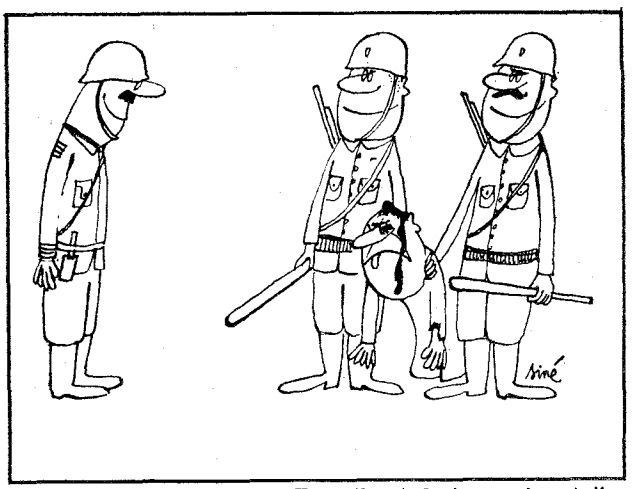
The march to the Left Bank began. At the Place du Châtelet, just before the Seine, the demonstration moved massively, forty abreast. It seemed that all of Paris had turned out, not just to watch but to cheer. At every square and along the line of march, the *Internationale* was sung —in assured accents by the heavy battalions of labor; more fumblingly by the masses of students, many grouped around bits of paper bearing the words. But before the day ended everyone knew the words.

Slogans became increasingly radical; not just for the liberation of the imprisoned demonstrators, not just for unity of workers and students and for a free university, but now also for an end to the Fifth Republic. "Power is on the run; let it fall!" "Ten years, that's enough!," and, very rhythmically, "*La Cinquième au clou, La Sixième, c'est nous*!" The movement which began over educational issues now wanted to send the Fifth Republic to the hock shop and take its place as the Sixth. A lilting chant, "*Adieu, de Gaulle*," sung by one contingent to the accompaniment of hundreds of waving handkerchiefs, was very popular with the crowds. Placards proclaimed that the Algerian disorders of May 13, 1958, had brought de Gaulle to power; but that the struggle of the students on the barricades, May 13, 1968, signaled his end. "*Bon anniversaire, mon General*," the marchers shouted. And a group of Left officials, proclaiming slogans for the march from a balcony, heard in reply from the marchers below: "*Bureaucrates, dans la rue!*"

There was in the air a spirit of rebellion that few had known existed. As one Parisian said to me, "I didn't realize that everyone else was feeling this way."

Coming off the Pont Saint-Michel, into the Place Saint-Michel, the crowd watched enthralled while a youngster with a red flag tried to shinny up a flagpole. At first he made good progress with the aid of a traffic sign clamped to the pole, but beyond that point he would gain a few feet and then fall back to the accompaniment of cries and groans. At last his outstretched finger tips catch the tricolor, which he flings to the street. A roar goes up from the demonstration, and the man beside me says, "Treason!"—with a delighted grin.

I had an appointment at La Boule D'Or in the Place Saint-Michel, and waited at a table in front, with two elderly, well-dressed gentlemen, wondering what they



From the student magazine, Action

"He Was Armed?" "Yes, Chief—with a Diploma."

thought. When the waiter arrives, it becomes clear that I am a foreigner, an American. A short silence, and then one of my table mates points to the square and bids me take a good look: "*La France, c'est ça!* No one can meddle with our liberties, not even de Gaulle." My own sympathies made clear, there are shouts of elation, many toasts to *liberté,* etc.

Further along Saint-Michel, the demonstrators quieted one another, and the march moved in dead silence past the Sorbonne. Soon the slogans and the singing began again. It was now almost eight o'clock and the march went on. At the Place Denfert-Rochereau where the demonstration was to terminate, there was some confusion. The marchers could not fit into the square—ten such squares would not have held them—and the loudspeakers of the CGT (the principal trade union federation, controlled by the Communists) were telling everyone to go home. Bands of students raced to the cars protesting vehemently, demanding the microphones, insisting that the demonstration continue, perhaps in the Champ de Mars, shouting that they had been betrayed: "Why did we come out into the streets, just to go home?"

That evening, the demonstration in the Champ de Mars was small, but with the police withdrawn from the Latin Quarter, the students moved in, and so began the Occupation of the Sorbonne. The scene was unforgettable. The statue of Auguste Comte wore a flowing red necktie, and in the inner court Zola and Pasteur brandished red flags. The walls of the court were lined with literature tables

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stocked by all the radical groups, and the buildings were covered with placards, hundreds of them: slogans, manifestoes, poetry, announcements of meetings—one of them to take place "*à salle Lenine*." A grand piano had been dragged out, and jazz alternated with Mozart and Chopin, one player succeeding another. The big courtyard was jammed, as were the nearby streets, squares, the university corridors, with people discussing in groups—and not just students, because the occupiers of the Sorbonne demonstratively threw open the doors to the workers, to the people from the neighborhood, and many came—to see the inside of the Sorbonne for the first time, to talk, to take part in the meetings.

In the corridors and meeting halls the "Smoking Forbidden" signs were scribbled over (everyone was smoking furiously): "It is Forbidden to Forbid." The dim corridors and gloomy amphitheatres were adorned with bright water colors that clashed with the pompous neoclassical decor, but were nonetheless cheering to the eye. In one meeting hall, jammed to its limit with students and a sprinkling of professors, the discussion was impassioned, eloquent, but apparently fumbling and inconclusive, as the students tried to come to some decision on what to do about the year-end examinations. They were clearly in no state to sit for them, and besides they oppose the rigorous and arbitrary system of sudden-death examinations; but they were also trying to be conscientious and didn't want to give an impression of shirking their academic duties. There seemed to be as many opinions as speakers, some getting a hand, some laughter, some groans. Everything was under the control of the students themselves; a student presidium at the head table conferred often on procedure, but just as often was swept into the debate. The professors listened with apparent sympathy and intervened little. In one meeting a Nobel laureate in biology was interrupted by a comrade student—unheard of!—but he listened, smiling and attentive.

Next day, there was time to stroll around Paris, and to browse in the bookstores, where the most prominently displayed volumes are those which, over the past few years, have surely had a great deal to do with the creation of the mood that burst out in the streets: Guevara, Castro and Camilo Torres; Jalée and Nizan; Trotsky and Mao; Marcuse and C. Wright Mills. And Marx everywhere, especially Marx, because it is also his anniversary, the 150th of his birth, and a colloquy organized by UNESCO is going on in Paris to mark the occasion. There is time also to read the two numbers of a special student paper, *Action*. The featured article of the second number is headed "Les Enfants de Marx and du 13 Mai," and it ends: "The barricades of the Latin Quarter celebrate in a worthy manner the 150th anniversary of Marx and the tenth anniversary of May 13." The paper contains news of the struggles, articles discussing educational changes desired by the students, and a piece by a graduate sociologist-urbanist about the kinds of jobs open to him: making door-to-door visits "like a salesman or a parson" in foolish surveys, or as an "industrial sociologist," engaged to figure out how to keep the workers in line. "Every occupation is evidently in the end another way of participating in repression. . . . A sociologist is no different from a *flic*."

And on its back page *Le Journal de Dimanche* ran two fascinating interviews in which students tried to make clear what the revolt was all about. In the first, a student of law and sociology, his father a Métro engineer, tells how he was drawn into the revolt by the invasion of the Sorbonne by a police column on May 3, and explains student discontent as based on the limited number of professional opportunities for graduates. The future for students, he says, is dark; and he quotes from memory the opening words of Paul Nizan's popular *Aden, Arabie*: "I was twenty. I will let no one say it is the best time of life." The interviewer probes further, and the student readily broadens the issues: he is against the society of "consumers" and for a society of "participants," he is against (and here he uses the title of one of Jalée's books) "the pillage of the Third World." "Both in the West and in the Soviet Union, we live in a class-dominated society," and violence appears to be the sole means for effecting a radical change."

The other student (of political science, the son of an official) also runs rapidly through the reforms he would like to see in the university, and then, asked to say what in general is wrong, answers flatly: "The political order. The Fifth Republic doesn't satisfy us. Unhappily, at the moment, there is no political formation of the Left that seems to us capable of replacing this regime for the better. The students have achieved consciousness in advance of others. There is, within the university, an extraordinary flow of ideas which is developing amid a certain confusion but which is extremely important and useful . . . . But this movement should not be exclusively student. It should take its place within a revolutionary workers' movement. Unhappily, the Western Communist parties and the unions have given up all idea of the class struggle." What sort of society does he want? "Very simple, I am for a Socialist democracy," free of bureaucratism of the kind instituted by Stalinism. "That's why I think at the moment the Cuban regime and, lately, that of Czechoslovakia accord best with my ideas of the ideal society, which is not to say that they should be imitated in everything."

I had a few more business visits. Jérôme Lindon of Les Editions de Minuit tells me that his house sold 1,000 copies of a Marcuse book *that morning*. I lunched with an intellectual of the independent Left, in the company of an Algerian student and a German student who was apparently reproaching himself for having left the barricades he helped build on Friday night before the fighting broke out. My host, pointing to me, tells him: "You see, he also thought nothing more was going to happen that night."

On Wednesday morning, it was time to leave the children of Marx and of the 13th of May, who had filled the boulevards with such attractive energy, vivacity and intelligence. All the taxis were on strike, no English lesson in a speeding cab; instead I lugged my baggage to the Aerogare. And the last thing I heard was that 2,000 workers had occupied the aircraft plant of Sud-Aviation at Nantes, had welded the gates shut, and were holding prisoner the manager and his executives.

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THE INVISIBLE VETERANS

SANDY GOODMAN
Mr. Goodman, a television news producer and writer, was nominated for a 1967-68 Emmy Award for a TV version of some of the material in this article.

One night three weeks after his release from the army, where he'd served as a paratrooper in Vietnam, 23-year-old Ronald Jordan walked into a bar in Newark's black ghetto and started to move to the rear. Another patron was sitting in his way. Jordan asked the man to move.

"Walk around me," the other replied.

"I figured he's a man and I'm a man," recalls Jordan, a tough, wiry youth. "What business he got to tell me to walk around? So I just kept walking in the direction I was going."

There was a fight. The other man turned out to be an off-duty detective who was having a drink with his partner. They double-teamed Jordan, who ended up with one of his eyes puffed up like a balloon and his face looking like a piece of raw meat. The police hauled him down to the Fourth Precinct and booked him on a charge of assaulting an officer. Jordan insists that one of the detectives there—like all of those involved, a Negro—glowered at him and snapped: "You're just another bad nigger from Vietnam."

That much recognition, however dubious, is a lot more than most Vietnam veterans get from their countrymen. They're among the strangest products of the strangest conflict the United States has ever fought—veterans who don't act like veterans, of a war that isn't officially a war. The rest of us hardly noticed when they went away. And now we're even less aware that nearly half a million have already returned to civilian life, and that others are pouring out of the service at the rate of 30,000 a month, according to the Veterans Administration.

They aren't bothering to remind us, either. They are slipping back into civilian life as quickly and quietly as an army of invisible men. "Their reception is all but nonexistent," observes William Tackmann, an official of the New York City Division of Veterans Affairs, one of the oldest and largest local veterans' agencies in the United States.

The Vietvets' anonymity and their countrymen's indifference combine to produce results that are unfair and sometimes shocking. Jordan, without income for four months after he left the army, was not eligible for mustering-out pay to help tide him over. Had he served in World War II or Korea, he'd have gotten $300. A former Navy lieutenant named Donald da Parma, now attending Columbia University Law School, gets $5 less per academic year in GI Bill benefits than did veterans of World War II—despite skyrocketing educational costs in the last twenty-four years. A plucky police trainee named Jerry Simpson, whose lifelong ambition was to become one of New York's Finest, was at first asked to resign from the Police Department when he returned from the battle front minus a leg. A place for him was eventually found, but it is hard to imagine a situation like that arising in any other war.

As a group, the Vietnam veterans resemble neither the noisy, assertive veterans of World War II, who clomped around as if they owned the country, nor the quiet, apathetic young men who shuffled aimlessly about after Korea, "staring nowhere," as one observer described them. Like the men of Korea, the Vietvets are relatively few in number and light in impact, but unlike the Korean veteran, the Vietvet has no glassy, faraway look in his eyes. He knows exactly what he wants: to throw off his identity as an ex-GI and become a civilian again as fast as possible.

He is doing just that. His readjustment is the smoothest in recent history, according to William Driver, the head of the Veterans Administration. Part of the reason for this, undoubtedly, is that the Vietvets are returning in a smaller, steadier stream. Part of it is because they weren't away as long. Nobody is in for the duration, as millions were in World War II. And so far enlistments haven't been extended, as they were during Korea. Today's Vietvet was like a man following a timetable: two years in the army, twelve months of it in Vietnam, then back home.

But perhaps the biggest reason why the Vietvet is—and wants to be—invisible is the nation's reaction to the war. World War II united the country in a kind of holy crusade. Many Americans weren't sure why we were in Korea, and it had the same frustrating, limited-war quality that annoys so many people about Vietnam. But at least everybody was agreed on the identity of the good guys and the bad guys. This time, there is no such agreement.

"This war is not like any other war," observes Tackmann. "There are no bands, no parades, no troops marching home." He continues: "I know of one instance where a boy returned to his neighborhood after being away for two years and they thought he'd been in jail.

"The business firms are not as anxious to hire them as they were after World War II when everybody wore his little 'ruptured duck' emblem in his lapel, and 'I am a veteran' meant something to the individual. Many of the boys' difficulties are due to the national dissent."

Ironically, about half the Vietvets—the overwhelming majority of whom are pro-war—are returning to college campuses, the hot centers of anti-war sentiment. One former sergeant, crippled in the terrible battle of the Ia Drang Valley and now attending college in New York City, hasn't even told any of his classmates that he's a veteran. "I don't want to start any arguments," he explains.

Another ex-serviceman learned to his chagrin that be-

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ing a Vietvet even managed to get in the way of his sex life. "I met a coed in a bar," he recalls. "The wheels of seduction were turning full speed—until the subject got around to Vietnam. That ended it." Still a third, now at Harvard, has only half-jokingly been dubbed "the resident Fascist pig" of his dormitory.

Little wonder that Vietvets don't advertise their recent service by dressing distinctively in khaki pants and field jackets, as did the veterans of World War II. Nor do they cluster together.

The 26-year-old da Parma says he's not even sure how many other Vietvets there are in his class. "I don't pal around with veterans." No one has tried to form a veterans' group on the Columbia campus, he says, and no one wants to.

Da Parma got out of the Navy in May, 1967, after a tour in Vietnam as commanding officer of a tiny "swift boat"—one of the speedy, six-man craft that patrol coastal waters in search of smugglers and gunrunners. He's a Dartmouth graduate, alert and articulate, with a sense of humor that includes a fondness for understatement. Da Parma also has a knack for generalizing that makes you feel he's speaking for thousands of his fellows.

"Almost every veteran has an emotional bias in favor of the war," he reflects. "When you're in Vietnam, you can't sit around and wonder whether the Vietcong are right. They can't be right, they're trying to kill you. This," he continues with a smile, "tends to develop a certain antagonism in people. And that's something that sticks with you."

Despite this admitted bias, da Parma declines to label himself a hawk. Rather, he insists, he's a moderate. "When you've seen the war close up you begin to look at the question from so many sides that you're a little leery of the absolute answer." He sees the peace advocates as guilty of just that kind of absolutist thinking.

Unlike da Parma, who could afford to go to school with or without the GI Bill, many other Vietvets are as troubled trying to make ends meet on their educational benefits as they are about the attitudes of their classmates. Compared with earlier veterans, they are getting badly shortchanged. Under the first GI Bill, passed in 1944, a single veteran attending college full time got a $75-a-month subsistence allowance, plus up to $500 a year for tuition, books and supplies. For a nine-month academic year, that added up to $1,175.

Under the latest bill, enacted only last August, a veteran in the same circumstances gets a flat $130 a month, or a total of $1,170.

Almost exactly the same amount of money, but in 1944 it often covered all college expenses; now it pays for only about half or a third, depending on whether the veteran is attending a public or private school. This penalizes the Vietvet whose family lacks money to help him make up the difference.

Veterans who pass up the ivory towers in favor of jobs are finding that in today's booming economy quite a few prospective employers stand ready to hire them. "There's not nearly as much of the patriotic ballyhoo about hiring a veteran as there was after World War II, though there is more than after Korea," says Louis D. Kelsey, an official of the Labor Department's Office of Veterans Re-Employment Rights, stationed in New York. "The motives today are almost strictly economic. Veterans are draftproof."

Under federal law, a man who left a job to go into service is entitled to get it back—if it still exists when he comes home. If he can't perform that job because he's disabled, he's entitled to another with equal pay, status and seniority. That applies to federal jobs and those with private employers, but because of the doctrine of division of powers, Congress never made it binding on the state or local governments. "The way it works now," observes a federal official, "a man employed by a state or a city comes back, in effect, a second-class veteran. He may be denied his job back because he worked for the wrong employer."

This problem especially affects disabled veterans, as it did Jerry Simpson, the New York city police trainee whose left leg was accidentally blown off by American artillery near Chu Lai. While he was away, the Department stood foursquare behind Jerry Simpson—or so it seemed. When he was wounded, 800 policemen signed a get-well scroll and sent it to him in the hospital. And the *New York Post* quoted a police spokesman as saying: "Simpson's job will be waiting for him when he comes back."

But when Simpson came back, there was no job waiting for him—only sad-eyed Department officials who said that of course he couldn't qualify to be a patrolman. Simpson insisted there were all sorts of things a handicapped policeman could do, such as work in the crime laboratory or teach at the Police Academy. And he pointed out that the Department did have a special light-duty section for injured members of the force. But, replied the Department, that section had no amputees. And besides, it was confined to cops injured in the line of duty—and that didn't include Vietnam.

Little wonder that Simpson was angry at the attitude of many of his countrymen. "I don't think they appreciate any of the sacrifices we make," he said. "They look at the newspaper and say, 'what a shame, we ought to get out.' They really don't know what's going on over there, and most of them don't really care."

But then, Simpson's plight was revealed on the TV program *A.B.C. Scope*. Louis Kelsey, the federal re-employment official, saw that program, and Sid Davidoff, a top aide to Mayor John V. Lindsay, heard about it. They got together and brought the matter to the personal attention of the Mayor and Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary. An exception was made in the regulations, and Jerry Simpson became one of New York's Finest after all.

Neither the loss of his leg nor the frustrations over regaining his job have lessened Simpson's pride in serving his country. "That is the way I was brought up," he explains. "My country is my country. It doesn't matter if the war is right or wrong. If they say fight, you fight."

Was the war worth his own terrible personal sacrifice? Simpson answers slowly, searching his mind for the whole truth. "It was worth going there," he says. "I was doing

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what I thought was right. I was doing what I wanted to do.

"But on the other hand," he adds sadly, "there are a lot of things I'll never be able to do again that make it not worth anything, really."

Aside from the disabled, the Vietvets with the most problems as a group are the Negroes. The Vietnamese conflict is the first in which U.S. forces have been completely integrated. Negro soldiers, Marines and airmen, fighting shoulder to shoulder with their white countrymen, have exploded the long-held myth of black inferiority in combat. They have also experienced far more integration and equality than any group of black Americans in history —military or civilian.

What will happen as the Negro veterans, filled with a new sense of pride and equality, and thoroughly trained in all the arts of killing and destruction, return to the ghettos to confront the same squalor, joblessness and prejudice that they knew when they left? Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive secretary of the National Urban League, warns that they just won't stand for it—that they may well turn to violence, becoming a major national threat, and making the expected long, hot summers even longer and hotter.

Others are more optimistic. Marshall C. Miller, assistant chief of the Labor Department's Veterans Employment Service, says if they are given the chance, the black veterans will be a major constructive influence in their community. So far, at least, the optimists are winning. The report of the President's riot commission didn't mention black veterans even once as a factor in last summer's widespread disorders. Nor was there any indication from news reports that they took part in the riots that followed Martin Luther King's assassination. "I can find you plenty of bitter Negroes," says the head of a black veterans' group in New York, "but they'll be guys who've never been in service. I'd have a hard time finding a veteran who's bitter."

Ronald Jordan of Newark, for example, insists he's not bitter, though he is angry at the treatment he says he has received at the hands of the police—especially since all the charges against him were later dropped. He doubts that Negro veterans, specifically, will turn to violence. But, like everybody else, he does expect more trouble from the black community as a whole.

Jordan is much better off than most of his ghetto neighbors. He lives with both parents in a neat, five-room apartment that contains a large color television set. His sister is away at college. His brother is a machinist. So is his father, who has worked for the same firm for twenty-four years. Jordan wants to be a machinist himself, but since he got out of the army last October, he has had trouble finding a job.

A VA counselor has persuaded Jordan to gain skills by enrolling in a thirteen-week course in tool-and-die making under the Manpower Development and Training Act. He gets a bigger weekly allowance under this program than he would have received under the training provisions of the GI Bill. The big question remains: can he get a job once he's properly prepared for one? Some counselors insist that in these prosperous times almost anyone with a skill can find work; others say that for Negroes it isn't that easy.

"Some Negroes get out of service and take some kind of training," says Vincent Malveaux of the New York City Division of Veterans Affairs, "but then they re-enlist because they can't use that training to get a job." That helps explain why the all-service re-enlistment rate for Negroes is more than twice as high as for whites. In the army alone, the difference is even more striking: 66 per cent for Negroes to 20 per cent for whites.

Another decided minority group among the Vietvets is made up of those who are against the war. Probably the most famous of the doves is 38-year-old Donald Duncan of Oakland, Calif. He is well known by sight to browsers at bookstores and paperback stands. Nattily attired in his ribbon-festooned uniform, with his Green Beret set firmly on his head, the former master sergeant glares out at prospective readers from the jacket of *The New Legions*, looking exactly like what he was—a rough-and-ready member of the army's elite Special Forces.

But Duncan has come a long way since those days. After more than ten years in the service, the last eighteen months of it in Vietnam, he turned down a battlefield commission, resigned from the army, and returned late in 1965 to become a hard-hitting critic of U.S. policy and the military's growing influence on American life.

A talk with Duncan quickly dispels the book-jacket image of the gruff, burly six-striper. He is quiet voiced and scholarly sounding. His disillusionment with the war, Duncan says, began when he got to Vietnam. "I really believed, as most soldiers do, that we were fighting to save the world for democracy," he says, "but when I got over there, the contradictions became glaring. It became clear to me that the United States was violating its own doctrines by propping up a corrupt leadership that didn't have popular support. Here we were trying to build a brave new world—and using a garbage pit as our foundation."

Duncan says the United States will be worse off if it wins a military victory than if it loses. "If we win then we'll try the same thing in other places—especially Latin America—and isolate ourselves even further from the developing nations of the world."

Like most Vietvets, Duncan is not a joiner, and rarely takes part in demonstrations, but there is at least one peace organization made up exclusively of men who served in Vietnam. It is called Viet Nam Veterans Against The War, and it was founded in June, 1967. It has thirty-one chapters across the country. However, according to its national field secretary, a former Signal Corps sergeant named Francis Rocks, its nation-wide membership totals only about 200.

Rocks says he and other members have been alienated by the peace movement because of some of its tactics. "I got my head bashed in and was arrested during 'Stop The Draft Week' in New York last December," recalls Rocks, a high school dropout who works on and off as a truck driver.

"I believe in peaceful picketing," he says, "but a lot of

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things that went on during that week were wrong—all that running through the streets. I don't believe in charging the Pentagon either. Things like that just alienate people, especially veterans."

Doves and hawks alike, the Vietvets are gradually—but inevitably—becoming more visible as their ranks continue to swell. Television stations have begun running public service announcements in which no less a personage than Ed Sullivan urges employers to give them jobs. And in recent months, the government, if not the rank and file of their fellow citizens, has started showing a growing awareness of their needs and is taking some steps to meet them.

Despite its glaring weaknesses in mustering-out pay and education, the latest GI Bill, passed in August, 1967, brings most benefits up to those of earlier laws. There have even been a few improvements. For example, a veteran who wants to complete high school today can, for the first time, draw full educational allowances without having them charged against his future college benefits.

And, for the first time in any war, the VA is even sending representatives to the battlefields, to speak with GIs about to come home and make sure they're aware of their benefits. More than 200,000 men have been reached in Vietnam to date.

Back home, when President Johnson asked Congress to raise the eighteen-year-old ceiling on government-guaranteed home loans from $7,500 to $10,000, the lawmakers responded by approving a $12,500 limit.

The President has set in motion a host of brand new programs of assistance. He has ordered the U.S. Employment Service to try to reach every new veteran by phone or in person to help him find work if necessary; has set aside $50 million in the budget for extra incentive payments to veterans willing to take on certain public service jobs, such as teaching poor children and manning understrength police and fire departments and hospitals, and given veterans new priority in getting civil service jobs. The VA has widely expanded its counseling and guidance services. Since February, new veterans' advisory centers have opened in twenty major cities.

The Labor Department has even begun a small but heartening program to help black-sheep veterans—those who left the service with less than honorable discharges. If his pastor or another community leader will attest that such a man is making progress in rehabilitating himself, the Department will issue him a certificate that is intended to improve his prospects for a job. More than 2,000 men have already applied for such certificates.

The biggest, boldest new program, called Project Transition, could some day turn out to be as revolutionary in the job-training field as the GI Bill was in education.

Tried out experimentally at five bases last year, it is now being extended, by Presidential order, to all major troop installations in the United States. Its purpose is to teach GIs civilian skills during their last six months in service. Courses are offered four hours a day, five days a week in everything from automatic data processing to gasoline-station management. Business firms such as IBM, United Parcel Service and the Humble Oil & Refining Co. are providing some of the instructors and lesson plans—and hiring some of the students when they're discharged.

The program places special emphasis on helping disadvantaged GIs—among them many Negroes—but it is open to all interested. However, when facilities are limited, those thought to need help most get priority.

Project Transition's target for the next fiscal year, as set by the President, is to reach half a million servicemen—nearly 60 per cent of the total due for release. It and all the other new programs should help convince the Vietvets that although they may still be largely invisible, they have not been entirely forgotten.

SECOND YEAR OF THE JUNE WAR

STANLEY WOLPERT
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On June 5 it will be one full year since the outbreak of the Six Day War between Israel and Egypt-Jordan-Syria, yet the seventh day of peace has still not come to the tortured Holy Land. Last year at this time the world paused, and watched, holding its breath, as Nasser's army of nearly 1,000 tanks rolled across Sinai, while Egyptian guns closed the Strait of Tiran, and Arab broadcasts beamed to Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem, threatened to push "all Jews into the sea." The UN waited in loquacious impotence for the inevitable *jihad* of extermination. The "alliance" of Western maritime powers, which supposedly was being forged in the back rooms of Europe's admiralties, foundered before ever being launched. Israel looked for the hand of help which our State Department and President had promised in 1957 in return for the withdrawal from Sinai; but American forces were overextended elsewhere when that promissory note came due, and Mr. Johnson kept his own counsel while 5,000 graves were dug outside Tel Aviv and hotels atop Mount Carmel were converted into emergency hospitals.

That was a year ago, a war away—or was it but yesterday's third blast of battle in an unending twenty years' war of attrition? The eve of the anniversary is an appropriate time to reflect upon the June war, reconsidering its historic significance and, more important, considering what may be done in the days ahead to avert further rounds of violence in the Near East. Militarily, last June's victory of Israeli arms remains little less than a "miracle" of strategy, tactics and national spirit, an example to the world of what the union of science, intellect, faith and

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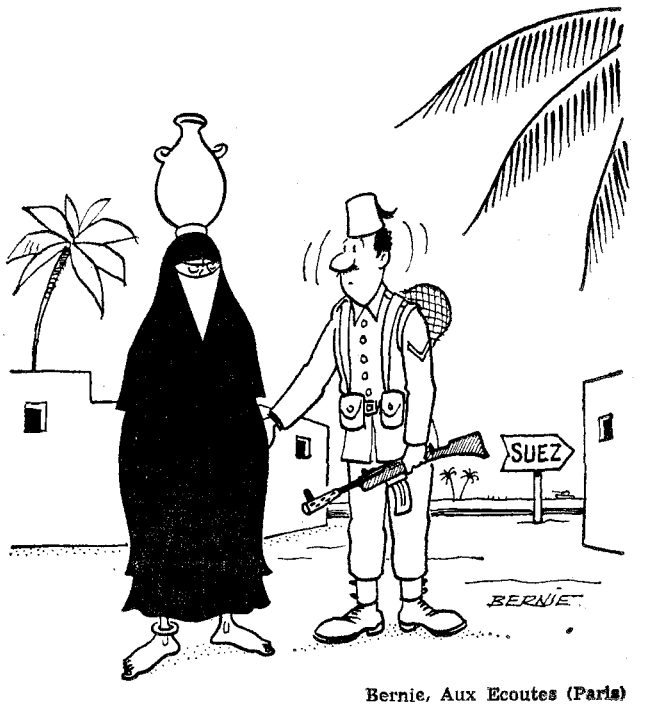
desperation may accomplish. Japan's victory over Russia in 1905 pales by comparison, for Israel not only defeated three enemy armies poised to attack it from as many directions but quadrupled its size and secured new borders that are strategically far superior to the former lines. The blockade of Eilat was lifted, Tel Aviv gained an additional ten minutes of precious warning time against air attack, and the capital of Jerusalem was reunited. [See "Today in Tel Aviv" by Stanley Wolpert, *The Nation,* July 3, 1967.]

Diplomatically, however, the war's aftermath has brought Israel an intensification of conflict, vigilance and tension, rather than an end to them. Last summer, Israelis hoped that the stunning blow would quickly bring Hussein at least, and Nasser perhaps, to a conference table at which captured territory could be traded for the promise of peace sanctified by solemn treaties of recognition. The West Bank and Sinai were spoken of as "levers" for prying an intransigent Egypt and its vacillating satellite Jordan loose from political positions that had proved as untenable as they were anachronistic and irrational. No one in Israel doubted that wounds of humiliation and broken dreams of glory would long stoke the hatred in Arab hearts, yet everyone hoped that time would soon begin to numb the rancor and peace would work its natural cure among neighbors left to resolve their own difficulties.

Israel and its Arab neighbors, however, were hardly left to cope with their conflicts alone. The charred fuselages of Russian jets were not all cleared from Egyptian airfields before replacements began to arrive, and within six months an estimated $2 billion worth of fresh military hardware had been shipped from Moscow to Cairo. The Russians sought this time to insure their investment more prudently by sending many more "advisers" than ever before to the U.A.R.; today, approximately 3,000 Russian scientists, technicians and military officers are working with the Egyptian army, navy and air force. The guided-missile sinking of the Israeli destroyer *Eilat* last October proved dramatically the increased effectiveness of Russia's Near East mission, and Israel knows too well by now that future wars will not be announced by two weeks of bellicose threats from Cairo, Damascus or Amman. The "next round," if diplomacy fails to avert it, would start with the scream of missiles raining on Tel Aviv or Jerusalem.

Israel, of course, is determined to prevent such a tragedy at whatever cost, and many Israelis insist that the only sure protection against Russo-Arab treachery tomorrow is the invasion and occupation of Cairo, Damascus and Amman today. Eshkol's newly United Labor Party has successfully resisted such extremist pressure, but the longer a permanent settlement is deferred the more difficult it becomes for the counsel of Israeli moderates to prevail. The March raid into Jordan, focused upon Karameh, was at once a warning of how short the fuse of patience has burned within Israel, and a reminder of the ultimate futility of violence as the exterminator of violence.

The most tragic reflection on the eve of this first anniversary is that hardly one day of total peace has passed since the cease-fire of June 10, 1967. Israeli soldiers have continued to provide living targets to gun batteries across



Bernie, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

"Stop It. I Am Colonel Popov of the Soviet Secret Service!"

the Nile and Jordan Rivers; Israeli civilians continue to follow their daily rounds of existence poised precariously over unseen land mines, which one day destroy a bus filled with school children and on the next blow up a jeep loaded with farmers.

The El-Fatah bands of terrorists grow larger and more daring, and have by now virtually been accepted as members of the Jordanian army. Israel's reprisal raids of March were followed by the opening of El-Fatah recruiting offices in Amman, and Hussein, far from disarming the terrorist bands in his country, hailed their patriotism and has offered them open support. Bitterness, hatred and tension have reached a new peak. Throughout the Arab world, from Damascus to Dakar, terrorists are eulogized as "national freedom fighters," or "commando heroes." The combination of Russian arms and the increasing popularity of terrorist action, therefore, has made the recurrence of major warfare between Israel and the surrounding Arab states more probable in the immediate future than it had been at any time during the decade preceding last June.

What of the prospects for international mediation? Since last November, when the United Nations Security Council, in an unprecedented show of unanimity concerning the Near East, passed the British resolution calling for "withdrawal of Israeli armed forces from territories occupied in the recent conflict," as well as the "termination of all claims or states of belligerency and respect for and acknowledgment of the sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of every state in the area . . ." Gunnar Jarring, mediator for the UN, has labored to breathe life into those formulas. His mission to date has made several significant forward strides, most important of which perhaps is that it continues—for where negotiations are as delicate and precarious as those across the

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Nile and Jordan, the mere fact that they have not broken down entirely is encouraging. Syria, it is true, has refused to speak with Jarring, and will doubtless remain the most intransigent Arab state, though if Egypt and Jordan become reconciled to Israel's "sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence" it is hard to imagine that Syria would long resist alone.

The Israeli Egyptian prisoner exchange in January was the first act of positive peace making accomplished by Jarring's mission, and the initial steps taken to clear the Suez Canal seemed further evidence that the bellicose posture was softening; but since then Egyptian and Jordanian backs have restiffened, and Israeli trigger fingers have become more nervous. Yet surely both sides in this debilitating conflict must realize by now that it is to their own best interests to achieve a "permanent" peaceful settlement.

As the price of continuing nonrecognition of Israel, Nasser and Hussein have mortgaged their own nation's sovereignty to Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Kuwait. The irony of their irrational refusal to accept the obvious is that by pursuing this ostrich policy they have done more to undermine Arab power than anything Israel could have accomplished under normal conditions of regional diplomacy. Many Israelis freely admit, moreover, that Nasser's threats and hatred have proved to be Zionism's most effective recent source of recruitment and support. He has done for Israel what "Bull" Connor did for the civil rights movement. Not only did Nasser lose the last war but he appears as a result to have lost his health and spirit, and it may well be too late for him to negotiate anything other than his own retirement from public life. That would, of course, raise Hussein's stature in the Arab world and could possibly give him the chance he seems long to have awaited, of taking independent initiative to reach a *rapprochement* with Israel. What might the specific ingredients of such a settlement be?

Obviously, Israel will not redivide Jerusalem, but except for this and several stategic outposts, such as Latrun, all the other captured portions of the West Bank could probably either revert to Jordan or come under some condominium arrangement, as the reward of Hussein's recognition of Israel. Jordan could also receive free access to the ports of Haifa and Jaffa, and doubtless a substantial subsidy for the permanent resettlement of Palestinian refugees, who might well prefer to become productive farmers on the West Bank than to remain eternally at the mercy of some international dole. Israel's advanced atomic potential could then be put to peaceful rather than militant use, and atomic-powered desalination plants could be built at the Mediterranean for fresh-water irrigation schemes designed to enrich the productivity of the entire West Bank.

Jordan and Israel would thus become partners in a long overdue program of bilateral economic development. The Hashemite Kingdom could set an example of progressive reform for the entire Arab world, and by real achievements pull ahead of its so-called Socialist neighbors, Syria and Egypt. Admittedly, the first step would require Hussein to show great courage, but the potential rewards to his people outweigh the risks involved, and if history can teach anyone anything, surely it instructs the Arab leadership that the path hitherto chosen by Nasser leads only to self-destruction.

Israel continues to insist that it will negotiate only "directly" with the Arab states confronting its borders, but Jarring has served the role of UN "intermediary" for almost half a year in his conversations with Eban and Eshkol, and there is no reason to assume that he could not function in New York as Ralph Bunche did in Rhodes during the armistice talks there twenty years ago. A noisy "Greater Israel" minority faction tends to see Israel's "manifest destiny" as that of completing the job of North African imperial conquest long abandoned by Britain and France. But such vainglorious dreams merely rival the fantasies of those Arabs who cling to the myth that Israel was born, has prospered and survived every test of time as the "cat's paw" of some international conspiracy. If Israel is to retain its unique character and national identity, at once so remarkably complex, so rich in cultural cross currents, yet unified in spirit, heritage and purpose, it is difficult to imagine why the Gaza Strip should be permanently incorporated into the state. Not that Egyptian forces would ever again be granted a base of operations so close to Tel Aviv, at least not by any Israeli Government that hoped to survive such an act; but a totally demilitarized Gaza, an internationally secure zone similar perhaps to the arrangement ultimately worked out for the West Bank, would probably meet with approval in Jerusalem.

As for Sinai and the Golan Heights, Israel sees both regions as martial "barometers"—presaging war when filled; peace, if empty. Yet could not precisely the same be said of the view from Cairo and Damascus? It is hardly reasonable to expect Syrians or Egyptians to feel any less anxious and hostile about Israeli tanks and artillery within range of their capitals than Israelis have always felt about the long guns atop Golan and the tanks in Gaza. The trust needed for continuing peace can hardly be generated within range of loaded muzzles, and Israel must be persuaded to withdraw its armed forces from north and south as well as west in return for guaranteed international patrolling of vacated areas. Finally, there must be solemn and dependable assurance that the Suez Canal and Gulf of Aqaba will remain open to all shipping and, if necessary, an international maritime task force should be kept ready to enforce that right of free passage against any unilateral seizure.

How "realistic" are the prospects that the present faint trickle of negotiations will become a stream to break

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down barriers of false pride? Hardly encouraging, no doubt, but what are the alternatives? The *status quo* must prove less tolerable for both sides with each passing day, each act of terror and counter-terror, leading inexorably toward another blaze of mass death and destruction, conceivably even to atomic holocaust. In May, 1967, there was no time to negotiate a "cooling-off" period, no time to arrange quiet meetings, no time to ward off the incendiary confrontation, which rolled toward its climax with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy once Nasser's demand for the withdrawal of the UN force met with immediate acquiescence from U Thant. This year, while time remains, the United States should link its promise of military support for Hussein to the demand for peaceful negotiations and official Jordanian action to stop El-Fatah terrorism. It should, moreover, initiate a summit conference with the Soviet Union to deal with pacification of the Near East, most effective as part of a blueprint for global peace. Yet whatever the results of peace talks concerning Vietnam, we must not ignore the equally urgent and potentially greater source of world conflict in the Holy Land.

NEW HAVEN: RENEWAL AND RIOTS

DANE ARCHER
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New Haven

In 1953, Richard C. Lee became the mayor of New Haven, Connecticut's port city of 142,000. In the last fifteen years, his pioneering programs of urban renewal have rebuilt the city. With the single-mindedness of a visionary, he has transformed New Haven's inner city from an aging slum into a futuristic landscape of poured concrete and high steel. Now Richard Lee is in trouble.

In 1953, New Haven's critics were fond of calling the city "a big slum around a big school," but Lee has changed all that. Today, the streets around Yale hum with the sounds of prosperity. Under the Mayor's aggressive leadership, the city's decaying core has given way to bustling retail areas, striking commercial buildings, sweeping highway systems and matching high-rise apartments.

New Haven's massive programs of renewal have garnered national attention for the city and its Mayor. Since 1953, Lee has been the subject of a handful of books and of more than 200 magazine articles. Renewal has also been good politics. Last fall, Lee was returned to his eighth term in office by a comfortable margin. And much federal legislation—including, at least in part, the birth of the War on Poverty—has been influenced by his success. To federal authorities and to jealous mayors of other cities, New Haven is "The Model City."

But something is desperately wrong in New Haven. On Saturday, August 19, 1967, a white snack-bar owner shot a young Puerto Rican. That night, the city's black pockets erupted. Fires, looting and rage swept New Haven. Lee called upon state police and alerted National Guardsmen in an effort to contain the rioters. There were 550 arrests, 145 on felony charges. The violence lasted four days, and was longer and more destructive than the summer riots in any city of comparable size. Only the conflagrations of Detroit, Newark and Milwaukee were more costly.

New Haven officials were stunned. Despite its skyscraping pillars of glass and steel, the city which had prided itself as the high-water mark of America's urban renewal efforts had been found sadly no more secure from violence than the nation's most unredeveloped cities. The city fathers stumbled over one another in a flurry of self-justification.

One spokesman confided privately that "the riots came as a terrible surprise—especially after all Dick has tried to do for those people." New Haven's anti-poverty agency characterized the rioters as nothing more serious than "teen-age hooligans" with a thirst for revelry. According to the agency, "few if any of the incidents of the four days bespoke any widespread discontent."

Mayor Lee called the riots "those awful days last August," and said publicly: "I don't feel discouraged, nor dejected. . . . It won't deter me from continuing the programs we have and if possible intensifying them."

The Mayor is sincere, but his resolve is unfortunate. The resentment which crashed windows to the city's pavements last August is chronic, and not the warm-weather caprice of delinquents. As one ghetto black said, "In winter, the people have the same feelings—but they keep them indoors instead of on the streets."

Today, the city is polarized into racial camps. Last August's violence is never far from sight—it can be seen in the glass shards which litter the streets, and in the plywood panels behind which the ghetto's merchants nervously ply their trades. The city's high schools erupt in staccato bouts of chair throwing and window smashing. The police are nervous and quick to employ Mace in any of a hundred situations where they fear the mushrooming of mass violence.

The anger of blacks has become an inescapable fact of life in urban America, but that it should fan into violence in New Haven astonishes the liberal forces which propelled Lee into power. New Haven has a reputation for working tirelessly to mitigate the toll of being poor, shunned and powerless. This philanthropic image is misleading. The city talks a great deal about progress, but its performance is progress of a very special sort. In 1968, New Haven is much prettier than it was when Lee took office, but it is still a city of the prosperous and the tragically poor. Indeed, there is ample reason to believe that

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the urban renewal program never really intended it to be anything else.

The story of New Haven's adventures in urban renewal is inseparable from the career of Mayor Lee. Born of mixed English, Scottish and Irish blood, Lee began work as a reporter for the city's *Journal-Courier*. In 1943, he became director of the Yale News Bureau where his talent for public relations landed A. Whitney Griswold, then president of Yale, on the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek*.

While working for Yale, Lee entered New Haven politics. In 1949 and 1951, he ran losing races for mayor, the second time by two votes. Then one evening in 1951, Lee visited a tenement on Oak Street, at that time the city's most notorious slum. Overcome by the wretched conditions inside, Lee burst from the building and was violently sick at the curb. The incident angered him and, according to his associates, lit within him a determination to purge New Haven of its slums.

In 1953, with liberal support for a new concept called "urban redevelopment," Lee became mayor. Suddenly, the city came alive. As one aide recalls, "Word spread that something new and big was about to happen in New Haven, and soon political idealists began drifting in from all over the country." Lee attracted city planners and "poverty" bureaucrats like Edward Logue, Mitchell Sviridoff, L. Thomas Appleby, Melvin Adams and others.

In the beginning, the Mayor's ambitious plans for a "slumless city" met opposition. New Haven's other elected officials, including the city's Board of Aldermen, were reluctant to commit the will and resources that massive urban renewal would require. Many of the city's financial leaders feared that Lee's schemes would bankrupt New Haven.

The Mayor was not deterred. Lee made almost no effort to capture the city's political machinery, building his own instead. With federal and private backing, he created a new high-powered bureaucracy called the Redevelopment Agency and, in 1962, a high-budget anti-poverty program. As critics like John Wilhelm have pointed out, Lee's hand-picked "private government" brought with it a vast pool of patronage and power that, financed by federal and foundation money, remained immune to the pressures that dependence on local taxes would have produced.

The bureaucracy of redevelopment is also politically autonomous. No part of the Mayor's machinery (except Lee himself) is elected by the people of New Haven. Despite this, Lee's private government has become the most far-reaching political force in the history of New Haven. His bureaucrats make the decisions which determine the physical shape of the city and, indirectly, the quality of its life.

To underwrite his ambitious plans for the "new" New Haven, Lee looked to Washington. He was the first mayor in America to recognize the cash value of Title One of the Federal Housing Act of 1949 which provided $1 billion for redevelopment planning and property acquisition. Under the terms of the act, the costs of land purchase and clearance are borne two-thirds by the federal government and one-third by local sources. With federal

dollars, cities like New Haven were able to buy, level, and sell land to private developers at a loss.

The housing legislation of the federal government also introduced a greater use of the municipal powers of "eminent domain." As one public official said: "Before the 1949 Act, cities could only seize private properties for public *use*, like a highway or school. But now the properties can be taken for a public *purpose*—which in New Haven's case means the elimination of slums and blight."

Lee rapidly became expert at tapping federal coffers. In fifteen years, the city has been given, or has on reserve, urban renewal funds totaling $130,665,844—or roughly $915 for every person in New Haven. By comparison, New York City has attracted a modest $37 of renewal money per person. William F. Buckley has calculated that if every American city were dealt with as generously as was New Haven, the federal budget for urban renewal alone would be roughly $146 billion.

New Haven's war on blight began with ceremony in January, 1957, when the Mayor rode in the cab of a wrecker to send its huge steel ball crashing through the walls of an Oak Street tenement. The demolition crews cut a wide swath through the heart of New Haven, and the city's first renewal project was under way.

Today New Haven operates the most ambitious and thoroughgoing programs of redevelopment anywhere in America. More than 3,000 acres—almost one-third of the city's 22 square miles—have been rebuilt, cleared, or committed to renewal plans. More than $237 million in construction has been completed. Business and industry have profited, the flight of upper-income families to the suburbs has been curbed, and municipal assessments in the redeveloped areas have swelled from $15 million to more than $38 million.

Robert Weaver, Federal Housing and Home Finance Administrator, has said: "I think New Haven is coming closest to our dream of a slumless city." In a sense, that is accurate: most of the city's slum areas *are*

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being replaced by attractive new structures. But in terms of people's lives, renewal has meant nothing less than disaster. New Haven is being rebuilt as if it were Brasilia —a city started from scratch in unpopulated wasteland. Modern high-rise apartments are landscaped by vast open spaces of grass; eight-lane divided highways race through the middle of the city; gargantuan garages and parking lots sprawl over vast areas in the center city. But to make room for Lee's Brazilian vision, thousands of people have had to move. One black, an ex-resident who had been "relocated" to make way for the luxury housing on Oak Street, said: "Man, there used to be people—thousands of real, *live* people living on Oak Street. It wasn't the classiest place in town, but it was home. Today, you can't see a poor face on Oak Street, or a black face either."

In Lee's New Haven, urban renewal has been a euphemism for "Poor Removal" and, in particular, for "Poor Blacks Removal." To clear land for its flashy projects, the Redevelopment Agency makes extensive use of its power to seize private holdings. The natural victims are the city's poor, and most blacks are poor. Although less than 5 per cent of the city's whites have had to move for renewal, nearly 40 per cent of its blacks have been or are being bulldozed from their homes. Despite this, the nonwhite population of New Haven has more than tripled since 1953, and today blacks and Puerto Ricans make up from 25 to 35 per cent of the city. As renewal knocks down existing nonwhite housing, the residents and a growing stream of immigrants are packed into whatever buildings are left standing.

New Haven has compounded its abuse of the poor by its failure to replace the homes it has eagerly destroyed. Since the onset of urban renewal, the city has crumbled 6,776 households—about one-seventh of all the housing in New Haven. In the same period, the city has built less than 2,000 new units of housing, and eight out of ten of these have been for the city's wealthy or middle class. New Haven has completed about 400 low-rental units, but *all but twelve* have been for the elderly. In short, the city's poor have not been rehoused and New Haven's rich and Yale-related professionals now live on land that was once theirs. Perhaps for this reason, Courtland Wilson of the NAACP has called urban renewal "the raping and lynching of the black community—Northern style."

Behind the foggy rhetoric of "doing something for the poor," the city has used public funds to purchase and destroy their homes. In New Haven, it is the already thriving —and *not* the poor—who profit from renewal. But because the city continues to talk about helping its poor, there is some confusion over precisely what the aims of urban renewal have been and are. And the confusion has worked in the Mayor's favor. Lee is the "plastic man" of urban politics and he has carefully stretched himself to be all things to all men. To merchants, Lee is a mayor dedicated to revitalizing business and shopping areas in the city. To industry, he is a man who will flex municipal muscles to secure attractive factory sites. And to the liberals in New Haven and at Yale, Lee is a crusader whose paramount concerns have something to do with poverty and the creation of "a decent home for every New Haven family." In the past, Lee's versatility has created a coalition of support from the organized interests in New Haven.

But after fifteen years, the real nature of the Mayor's programs has become less ambiguous. Melvin Adams, the current Redevelopment Administrator, has said that those forced from their land have been dispersed to foster integration and prevent the creation of new slums. That is just not true—the poor are dispersed to already swollen slums simply because there is nowhere else for them to go. At any given time in New Haven, there are fewer than 1,500 vacancies. Many of these are high rent or too small for a large family, and, after last summer, only a handful of white home owners would rent vacant apartments to blacks or Puerto Ricans. One black on New Haven's Congress Avenue said bitterly: "Man, I've been moved four times in two years. I've tried to get a place where there aren't any bulldozers. But the ads in the paper just list the address and never the phone number, so you have to go in person. The minute they see the color of your face, the place is taken or else going for $250 a month."

Lee's vague concern for poverty is sincere, even if his city's programs fail to reflect it. He is a man distressed by poverty, and his crusade to rid the city of its slums is in part well meant. To the Mayor slums represent "occasions of sin"—they are the breeding ground of vice and crime where children may be molested and where the young may begin lives outside the law.

But Lee's solution to slums has been regrettably simple: he has just knocked them down and seems to harbor the whimsical hope that the poor will be Pied Pipered off to Bridgeport or some other Connecticut city. But the poor do not evaporate, even when their homes are demolished.

In 1962, the city won $2.5 million from the Ford Foundation for an anti-poverty agency intended to improve the quality of life among the city's poor. This agency, Community Progress, Inc. (CPI), has spent more than $22 million in five years, but its dollars have done little more than fuel its own bureaucracy. The face of poverty, and particularly black poverty, has not changed. In 1966, the nonwhite unemployment rates were double those for whites. Whites paid a mean rent of $84.18; blacks paid $99.06. One white in eight lived in substandard housing, but one black in four was poorly housed. In CPI's own words, "All of the various indices of slum housing are present."

With federal backing, Lee has had at his disposal ample resources to mount an unprecedented attack on the causes and symptoms of poverty, but the city has demonstrated other priorities. Perhaps because of his special purposes, Lee has thought it best to by-pass federal guidelines which call for the participation of an informed public in renewal plans. Since the poor are unlikely to champion plans which call for their own removal, they are informed only after the city's designs have been worked out in secrecy. By that time, financing has been arranged and the city is "committed" to its blueprints. Through after-the-fact consultation of the public, Lee has successfully blunted the effectiveness of citizen criticism.

But Lee is a successful politician and, since redevelop-

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ment is the most conspicuous feature of his administration, his supporters brandish the eight election victories as an open-ended mandate from the public. In fact, Lee's repeated terms in office prove only that the interests best served by renewal—business, the professions, middle- and upper-income families—are precisely those groups that go

to the polls. Those badly served by clearance and relocation—the city's black and white poor—are underregistered and do not vote.

Since last summer's riots, however, the illusory consensus behind Lee has begun to disintegrate. Riots are the products of many things, among them the simple contagion of a well-publicized idea. But in New Haven, they ushered in a fresh look at just what renewal has and has not done. The report of the Kerner Commission on Civil Disorder spoke of the "lesson" of both New Haven and Detroit, "where well-intentioned programs designed to respond to the needs of ghetto residents were not worked out and implemented sufficiently in cooperation with the intended beneficiaries."

One very good reason why New Haven's programs were not worked out in consultation with the poor is that the poor were never intended as the "beneficiaries" of renewal. The real goals of renewal, as Herbert Gans says of Boston's redevelopment in that city's West End in *The Urban Villagers*, involved "replacing low-yield areas with high-rent buildings that would bring in additional municipal income."

As the real purposes and quality of renewal have become apparent, a number of citizen groups have mobilized to inform the public and to organize resistance. The American Independent Movement (AIM), a radical group made up largely of whites, has from almost the start scored the inequity and folly of Lee's brand of city reconstruction. Recently, perhaps because of the riots, people have begun listening to AIM's criticism and some small progress has been made toward limiting the nearly total power of the Redevelopment Agency. Last summer, before the riots, a black group called the Hill Parents' Association (HPA) was given shoestring support by the city to organize a number of black-run, self-help programs. Under the leadership of Fred Harris, HPA's programs—which included a day camp for ghetto children and an employment agency for the unemployed—sparked a small renaissance on the Hill, the city's sprawling ghetto. As one minor city official said, "HPA worked wonders. The kids were going to camp, men were going to work—the Hill was alive and humming for the first time."

But then came the violence and the city stopped playing ball with black leaders, especially those like Harris who feel that blacks should help choose and run the kinds of programs that are advertised as helping blacks. The city also began what could only be seen as a concerted program of harassment. Harris was arrested and charged with the possession of drugs and a stolen typewriter. Then in late December, New Haven police arrested six men—five of them nonwhite—who had allegedly conspired to blow several of the Mayor's new buildings out from under him. Two of the six had connections with community-run organizations on the Hill. To blacks, the city was clearly on a witch hunt to show that New Haven's riots were the work of anarchists and criminals and had nothing to do with redevelopment or the racial malice that divides New Haven.

The winds of change are in the air, and both public opinion and professional judgment are reappraising Lee's variety of renewal. Several aldermen are bucking municipal coercion in an effort to stop the most recent renewal folly: a six-lane "ring" highway which would isolate Yale and downtown New Haven from the rest of the city. And at least one important magazine, *Progressive Architecture*, has criticized the social failures of Lee's renewal programs.

With the end of America's war in Vietnam, what the riot commission called the "lesson" of New Haven will become increasingly valuable. Out of fear, guilt and some sense of justice, our society may be about to shift the gears of its priorities in the direction of its have-nots. As the nation's most redeveloped metropolis, New Haven could easily emerge as a model for whatever new spending is set aside to better America's cities. For just that reason, an accurate evaluation of the "miracle" in Model City has never been more necessary.

In the black areas of New Haven today, passing patrol cars are met with clenched fists. The city's blacks are angry and its whites are arming. Sometimes, as when a tenement vaporizes in the fiery night, the background rumbling of the ghetto is even audible downtown. But at City Hall, fingers crossed, the Mayor continues to apply old errors in efforts to solve the very problems they helped create.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

James T. Farrell: An Impossible Comeback

NEW YEAR'S EVE/1929. *By James T. Farrell. The Smith with Horizon Press. 144 pp. $4.50.*

PETER CLECAK
Mr. Clecak teaches English at the University of California (Irvine), and is at work on a book on contemporary American social criticism.

> In a sense, the theme of my fiction is the American way of life.
> —*James T. Farrell, 1941*

The literary career of James T. Farrell spans nearly four decades of American life. He published his first piece of short fiction in 1929; ten years later he had apparently achieved a permanent though modest place in American letters. But Farrell has gradually become a novelist without an audience even though he continues to write at a furious pace. His best work—the Studs Lonigan trilogy—remains locked in the remote world of the thirties, a decade which embarrasses the surviving literary intellectuals, while striking most younger readers as a historical curiosity. And his postwar efforts can be most charitably described as a series of pale fictions devoid of the intensity and driving energy which, as Alfred Kazin has remarked, gave his earlier novels "a kind of dreary grandeur."

It is tempting to regard Farrell's disappearance from the American literary scene merely as the personal misfortune of a writer unable to recognize the loss of his most formidable resource—an intense will to comprehend and dominate his environment through fiction. The novelist who gave permanent form to the American way of life in the twenties and thirties thus appears as a minor champ whose decline follows from the same ambition and blindness which led him to early literary achievement. Although this general hypothesis takes us a long way toward explaining his decline, it tends to obscure the larger social and historical patterns which continued to define Farrell long after he lost his capacity to define them. If the early novels record his struggle to express and achieve "the American way of life," his postwar fiction testifies to the anesthetizing and embittering consequences of personal success and subsequent failure.

Farrell's life illustrates the central theme of his fiction. It is a plausible variation of the Horatio Alger myth which moves from the dreary South Side of Chicago to New York. Beginning as a poor Irish Catholic boy, a second-generation American, Farrell quickly experienced the imprisoning forces of the urban jungle—poverty, violence, ignorance and religious superstition. Through reading, however, he began to understand the possibilities of escape. He did not propose to escape into fiction but rather to escape through it. From the limited perspective of the ghetto, all forms of success required the gradual and painful creation of a thoroughly individualistic ideology, a total investment of physical energy, intelligence and will in the task of self-emancipation. But liberation under these terms also required an intimate knowledge of the imprisoning social context. Angered by the dehumanizing conditions which dissipated the energies of those around him, Farrell turned to writing and to left-wing politics in the late twenties. "When I first began to write I was full of indignation because of the sorrows of this world. I was indignant because of the exploitation of some men and women by others, because of the coldness with which some people manipulate others, because of dirt, poverty, ignorance, aggressiveness, and the other things which ruin and sadden human lives."

But Farrell's attraction to the American Left did not endure the first rhetorical salvos of the cold war, for his Socialist vision finally expressed and concealed a deeper commitment to individual achievement. Farrell's personal success—which prefigured the movement of large segments of the American middle class to more affluent suburban surroundings—canceled the need for a rhetoric and politics of social salvation. For him literature was fundamentally the vehicle of a personal battle against stifling social forces, and only incidentally a weapon in the class war.

From the outset Farrell's novels reflect the progress of his own struggle for survival. The central characters in the three major series of novels—Studs Lonigan, Danny O'Neill and Bernard Carr—comprise a semi-autobiographical record of Farrell's successive efforts to transcend his surroundings. Studs tries to forge an ideology of self-interest, but lacks sufficient understanding and will to overcome the social forces which finally destroy him. Like Farrell, Danny O'Neill avoids the fate of Studs by transforming the material of the slums into fiction. And Bernard represents the later Farrell, the successful New York writer who has largely recovered from the anger, frustration and rage which plagued Danny O'Neill in his parallel literary achievement.

If the movement from Studs to Bernard traces the pattern of Farrell's public success, it also suggests the primary basis of his decline as a novelist. Farrell's personal need to achieve "the American way of life" provided the substance and energy of his early work, enabling him to overcome drastic limitations as a novelist—simplistic patterns of thought, a somewhat barren imagination and a careless approach to form and style. Although his theoretical formulations of naturalism, individualism and Marxism could never bear intensive scrutiny, they did not paralyze his early fiction which embodied the felt tensions between individuals and their environment. The Studs trilogy survives primarily because Farrell can set his major characters in motion against the palpable social context which defines, limits, and frustrates them. Attempting to forge ideologies of individual survival within and against the dense (though frequently tedious and repetitious) social world of the novels, Farrell's best characters come to life.

The later fictions, however, do not survive their creator's personal success. Even critics who admire the *idea* of Bernard Carr find him unconvincing. Edgar Branch observes that the world Carr "moves in lacks the solidity . . . of that other rejected world in *Studs Lonigan,* and Bernard himself insufficiently represents the positive ideal made real." But Branch fails to relate the patterns of Farrell's success and failure to the outer and inner worlds of his later fiction. Farrell cannot embody the "positive ideal" of free and self-sufficient characters because he remains essentially a prisoner of his original individualistic ideology. As the early obstacles to success faded into his memory, the strategies of individual survival appropriate to the ceaseless battle against the visible forces of the city began to lose their dynamic power. By the mid-fifties, Farrell's anger at social injustice had mellowed "into a stoical feeling," and he had come to "see that pain and agony are part of the way it is in life."

But if literary success permanently convinced him of the self-sufficiency of individuals, it did not prepare him for

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the bitter loneliness and isolation which plague the atomized man. Farrell's questionable philosophic vision numbed him to the more subtle pressures of middle-class life, and to the possibilities of fiction as well. His rise from the Chicago South Side dissolved the tensions between character and context which energized his best work, and he lacked the imagination to construct a symbolic universe for his liberated heroes. Although Farrell has continued his aggressive and lonely battle against external realities, the definable enemies of poverty, violence and ignorance have melted into a series of imprecise abstractions—"life," "death," "entropy," "time." And the social settings have become merely the background for a cast of mechanical characters who must bear full responsibility for their achievements and failures.

Farrell's most recent novel, *New Year's Eve/1929*, sadly displays all of his limitations and few of his previous strengths. It is a mercifully brief account of the last days of Beatrice Burns, a trivial and wholly self-centered nurse suffering from incurable lung cancer. Alternately confronting and evading her extreme situation, Beatrice attempts to invest the last moments of her empty life with meaning. She begins her narrative in bed: "Was anything important?" she asks. And after 140 meandering pages she returns to her bed—still lonely, afraid and unenlightened—to offer a final pronouncement: she "opened her eyes, and looked at the bare, whitish-grayish ceiling. That, she told herself, was her life."

The primary action of the novel is a New Year's Eve party which mildly stirs and then predictably explodes her hopes for momentary happiness. From the opening scenes, however, Bea vaguely comprehends the futility of her gesture: "She pretended that there was no loneliness, no sadness in life, and she always tried to be gay and never sentimental, but it was all a game she played, an act she put on." Beatrice pathetically seeks attention, but is systematically rejected or ignored (except when knocked out by an aimless punch thrown by Sven Swanson, the inebriated Swede). Only as voyeur can she forget herself. She wanders about the party, savoring the dull dance of atoms, watching couples split up only to seek new partners. And she lives vicariously off the "tidbits" of trivial gossip which make her momentarily visible—and annoying—to those whom she threatens to expose.

Farrell populates the book with a cast of patronizing stereotypes dredged up from the twenties: Mr. Schmolsky, the Jewish landlord who shelters the Bohemian characters ("Artists, culture, but every month I pay my bills"); Sven Swanson, the blond Swede who calls for "Visky," while smiling "genially but stupidly"; Pete, the lecher ("I'm not vulgar, I'm Greek"); Lily Arnstein, "that rich girl" who lures Danny O'Neill into the kitchen (or is it the bathroom?), and then refuses to "go the limit"; and even an anonymous "colored girl" who enters the room only to "move off" with one of Beatrice's potential playmates.

Farrell tries to animate this incredible collection of wooden figures in the meaningless world of "Mr. Schmolsky's Culture Center," the scene of the interminable party. All the characters are as narrow, alienated, petty and selfish as Beatrice. Hence, the novel is not only circular, ending where it begins; it never goes anywhere. There are no illuminating perspectives: like Bea's ceiling and her life, the fiction is "whitish-grayish." After exhibiting a series of mechanical manic-depressive responses to the spectacle of the party, Beatrice delivers the didactic message of the book: "Al had betrayed Joan. . . . Dan would have been unfaithful to Anna if he could have been. There was no trust and faithfulness and loyalty in love. She had been right in never marrying. She, too, would only have been betrayed." What begins as a biological tragedy gradually becomes an oblique metaphor for the "human condition": the universe is an empty void in which petty, mean creatures float meaninglessly, unable to escape their isolation and self-pity.

But the thin fiction cannot bear such heavy philosophical freight, for the closed world of the novel lacks centrifugal energy. Although set in the early depression, *New Year's Eve/1929* conveys an indirect image of contemporary middle-class life. None of the characters has a history: they merely exhibit a narrow range of intrinsic (and suspiciously similar) qualities and attitudes. Having lost his perspective on the tensions between individuals and their historical context, Farrell cannot portray the social dimensions of psychic diseases. Instead of creating a parable of the human condition, then, he merely reflects the American condition in his inability to write the final act of the drama of individual "success." Ironically, his ideology of self-sufficiency makes the loss of his public identity intolerable, and Farrell emerges as a pathetic figure, forever preparing for an impossible comeback. Deprived of his vision, Farrell has ceased to be a novelist, though he remains the angry victim of forces which he can neither comprehend nor transcend.

Making Life Tougher

IDENTITY: Youth and Crisis. *By Erik H. Erikson. W. W. Norton & Co. 336 pp. $6.95.*

CHANDLER BROSSARD
Mr. Brossard's current work is The Spanish Scene *(Viking). He is an associate professor at the State University College, Old Westbury, N.Y.*

Rhetoric—or a calculated stylized nonsense—has come at us from all sides, and usually from the mouths of people we have learned to perceive as hungry types: politicians, healers in carnivals, "educators," movie propagandists, religionists, to name a few. We know that such as these are up to no good and are to be ignored. Now it is in just this connection that we do ourselves harm: we tell ourselves that rhetoric is a device peculiar only to "hustlers." And this positions us to be damaged by the equally nonsensical utterances, and politics, of "high types" and serious investigators of the human condition. We are duped by those very people we have all along been assuming shared our own need for illumination and meaning. This can, of course, precipitate despair.

The rhetoric employed by many psychologists and sociologists these days is very rich, and that which characterizes Erikson and his followers is indeed among the richest and most effectively delusory. A dimension or two needs to be added to the definition of rhetoric. For rhetoric represents not only a language style but a life style and a political commitment as well; that is, as it relates to one's power relationship with other humans. Erikson's work, in this volume, must be viewed in terms of its contemporary relevance rather than in the confines of clinical psychology (though that would be worth while too, since rhetoric must be a dubious clinical tool with which to cure the sick). Otherwise, it is outside our interests as ordinary human beings.

Erikson's work has influenced a great many other "serious" investigators who have then "understood" and manipulated human experience and data by means of it. In other words, they have been guilty of making life a lot tougher. Let me first quote a series of his statements:

"One may note with satisfaction (!) that the conceptualization of identity has led to a series of valid investigations which, if they do not make clearer what identity is, nevertheless have provided useful data in social psychology."

"I spoke of a loss of 'ego identity' . . . we have recognized the same central disturbance in severely conflicted young

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people whose sense of confusion is due . . . to a war within themselves, and in confused rebels and destructive delinquents who war on their society."

"We have learned to ascribe a normative 'identity crisis' to the age of adolescence and young adulthood."

". . . I would call a sense of identity . . . a subjective sense of an invigorating sameness and continuity."

The above selections are self-validating statements which defy and discourage any cognitive response. "Invigorating sameness and continuity . . ." is bad poetry and patently illogical. Sameness and continuity have never, in my existential experience, been invigorating. But I do not wish to niggle. What is more important than his bad logic, and Olympian disengagement from human reality, is his apparent unawareness of the profound difference between, and mortal conflict of, Identity and Being. And this reveals the totality of what I feel is his conservatism. That is, he regards as basic that which is superimposed, and the rejection or lack of this as, *ipso facto*, a sign of sickness. (This is equivalent, and I am not being funny, to Secretary Rusk saying that the peace demonstrators are injuring our organic political body and ought to be either straightened out or punished.) Further, it indicates Erikson's crucial flaw as a seriously engaged observer: he has no grasp of (or sympathy for) the political-power matrix of contemporary life. He seems to be looking at our society from a secluded upper-middle-class 19th-century country home. My thesis (and response to Erikson) is this: Identities are political superego forms placed upon a person in order for him not to experience his unique and nonmanipulative Being. Insofar as you have "successful identity," and survive the "identity crisis" (Erikson's most popular concept re today's youth), you have abandoned your *self* and become some*thing* else. This is the essence of To Be Or Not To Be, and what the social revolutions all over the world are about.

Erikson's peculiar naïveté (not really; it is the essence of his strategy, as I hope to show later) moves on. He is able, for example, to say this: "The responsible Negro writers continue to write and write strongly, for fiction even in acknowledging the depth of nothingness can contribute something akin to a collective recovery." This single statement is paradigmatic of the total Eriksonian *way*, or rhetoric, and can rewardingly engage our scrutiny. "Responsible" is a key word-view. In his middle-class *Umwelt* it can only mean "nice." He clearly suggests that there are some *irresponsible* Negro writers who cannot be taken into serious account, either as artists or members of an acceptable community. What I would like to know is, who are they? What is the nature of their irresponsibility? Are they artists and not middle-class puppet propagandists? Would Céline or Miller or Joyce be considered responsible? He sounds like the white principal of a disorderly Harlem high school recruiting fink hall monitors. More. Does he really think that any kind of fiction—good, bad, responsible, irresponsible—is going to "contribute to (the Negro's) collective recovery"? Have the novels of Baldwin and Ellison and Richard Wright made the slightest dent (assuming, absurdly, that the Negro in the street has read them) in the average desperate Negro's life on the tenant farm and in the ghetto? Has it made him "recover" himself, whoever he may be? This borders on the preposterous and, as I have said, reveals an awesome lack of contact with the very reality that Erikson is presuming to generalize about.

"Youth" is something that engages Erikson (rhetorically, of course), and it is in that invented country of psychosocial academic ritual that he is a figure of prominence: that is, he is an expert. It is interesting to note the projective revelations of his style and tone: "Whereas twenty years ago we gingerly suggested that some young people might be suffering from a more or less unconscious identity conflict, a certain type today tells us in no uncertain terms, and with the dramatic outer display of *what we once considered to be inner secrets* [italics mine]; that, yes, indeed, they have an identity conflict—and they wear it on their sleeves, Edwardian or leather. Sexual identity confusion? Yes, indeed: sometimes when we see them walking down the street, it is impossible for us to tell, without indelicate scrutiny, who is a boy and who is a girl. Negative identity? Oh, yes; they seem to want to be everything which 'society' tells them not to be: in this, at least, they 'conform.'"

I do not know any young person (who has not been scared out of his intelligence and his right to react negatively to authoritarian figures such as Erikson) to whom this would not clearly be a hostile, contemptuous and *irrelevant* response to them and their personalized way of exploring themselves and their possible Being. Such "views," ritualized, rhetoricized, and proprietary, have degraded them for generations, in families, in schools, in institutions which decided whether they should be "included" and rewarded. It would be silly, therefore, to expect such authorities to even vaguely understand the contempt, and sometimes hatred, the young have for them (unfortunately too often expressed only in secret and among themselves in futile disenchantment).

One searches in vain throughout this book for any authentic relevance to the

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actuality of our time, for any views or concepts that understand or take into consideration such humanity molding features as loneliness, power, class struggle, boredom, credibility, conscience, good or bad faith (in Sartre's sense), the emergence of style to replace sensibility (a critical gesture of defeat among the mass population). Where is his acknowledgment of Fromm, Sullivan, Schachtel, Buber, Friedenberg, Camus, Marcuse, Laing? Where is his awareness of the new languages of intergroup communication? His strategy, or perhaps his anxious professionalism, deny these men and realities their validity and existence. But surely, without an awareness and an assimilation of their significance, no explorer into the world around and in us can be understood as having passionate substance, no matter how hallowed his image in the academy. He can only be regarded as a rhetorician. And the function of rhetoric is based upon the necessity for disengaging the audience from its simple street-corner intelligence so that it does not question a position of presumed a priori superiority—the very essence of a power structure.

Erikson's *status quo*-ism, and his operational co-optism, are stunningly expressed in this paragraph: "The possibility of a true polarization of the new specialized-technological identity and the universalist-humanist one must be allowed for the simple reason that such a polarization is the mark of the over-all identity of any period. A new generation growing up with and in technological and scientific progress as a matter of course will be prepared by the daily confrontation with radically new practical possibilities to entertain radically new modes of thought."

Technological and scientific progress, by their very nature, eliminate any kind of true polarization and any true dialogue. Just read the newspapers, daily, if proof is needed.

For Middle-Class Candides

TOWARD A DEMOCRATIC LEFT: A Radical Program for a New Majority. *By Michael Harrington. The Macmillan Co. 314 pp. $5.95.*

TOM CHRISTOFFEL

Mr. Christoffel is a lawyer who has served on the staffs of a Democratic Governor and a Democratic Attorney General in Wisconsin, and is currently a researcher at the Institute of Politics at Harvard. He is an associate editor of Radical America, *and has worked as an SDS regional traveler in New England.*

Michael Harrington's new book paints a telling picture of the "dynamics of misery" in American society and then issues a call to action: "America needs a majority party of the democratic Left." His call is not directed at today's energetic student radicals, who are anxious—and available—to change America. He is concerned, instead, with expanding the consciousness of a "new class" and with providing a minor manifesto for Left-liberals. As a catalogue of social ills the book should make interesting reading for the Candides of the middle class. But as a program for action it is irrelevant to political reality.

Harrington's ultimate vision is of a Socialist reorganization of American society. But, as he explains at the outset, "the horizon of this book is set roughly twenty years in the distance and it is not, alas, realistic to expect that the American people will decide to transform capitalism during that period." *Toward a Democratic Left* presents a "transitional" program "which socialists and radicals can—and must—support but which appeals to the more traditional aspirations for reform as well."

Harrington assumes that the existing political system is open to significant reform, that "even in a society based on private economic power, the Government can be an agency of social, rather than corporate, purpose—if a vast popular mobilization forces it to do so." It is only with such a perspective that he can believe that a New Majority will be able to "build new institutions of democratic planning which can make the uneconomic, commercially wasteful and humane decisions about education and urban living this society so desperately needs."

Harrington's assumptions are a variation on the standard liberal view of the capitalist state: The American system is essentially good, but it is frustrated politically in realizing its promise by the strategically placed power of a conservative coalition in Congress. The liberal's role is to overpower the conservative coalition and guide the system toward a democratic fulfillment of its potential.

Harrington argues that the forces of humanitarian progress must work together to *transform* the system. This is to be done by overcoming the same forces which block reform: the conservative coalition (which Harrington calls the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition). For "as long as major party politics, with all their lack of principle, offer the best point of departure for basic change, that is where one must work." Thus, the main programmatic thrust of Harrington's argument is that "the best strategy for the democratic Left is to seek to win the Democratic Party in such a way as to exclude its Right wing permanently."

Harrington, in effect, is seeking to improve upon the Roosevelt New Deal coalition by both strengthening and liberalizing it. His New Majority is to include progressive Southerners, newly independent blacks, the middle class (or new class), labor and—of course—liberal inellectuals. This new alliance, however, is really not a *new* alliance at all. It is in effect the Roosevelt coalition—minus the city machines, plus the middle-class sons and daughters of the New Deal.

And it is offered at a time when this old coalition—as Joseph Kraft, Walter Lippmann, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and others understand—is falling apart before our very eyes. The trade unions and city machines are in decline, the blacks are increasingly wary of alliances and increasingly unpopular, the Southerners are beginning to realize that only an accident of history bound them to the Democratic Party in the first place, and the liberal intellectuals never have been even a minor voting bloc. Harrington himself admits that "practically every one of these groups is quarreling with

Turns the wackiest state in the union inside out... blueprints the players and possibilities in the 1968 campaign—

DANCING BEAR

An Inside Look at California Politics by Gladwin Hill

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every other as the Sixties come to an end." He insists that "they will either come together or else America has no hope." But in order to reassemble these fracturing elements, Harrington would have to offer them a *new* basis for coalition. And this he does not do.

His program is marred by an even more fatal flaw, for even if the Roosevelt coalition could be reassembled in a new, improved version, it would make little difference. All that such a New Majority could do would be to elect a liberal Democratic President. This, it should be remembered, is all the Roosevelt coalition has been able to do since 1938. FDR, HST, JFK and LBJ, once elected, was each continually frustrated by the blocking power of the House of Representatives. Reform programs could only get through in token form.

What Harrington really needs is not a Presidential New Majority but an assembly of little new majorities: a majority in each of a majority of Congressional districts. His book fails to deal with this reality of Congressional politics.

The Kerner commission told us that the nation is moving toward two societies—separate and unequal. Congressional politics is similarly polarized. Forming one pole are the suburbs—the largest and fastest-growing centers in the country. Here one finds, side by side, upper-class wealth, snugly mortgaged middle-class sons and daughters of the New Deal, and slightly affluent skilled trade union members—in a mixture that is 96 per cent white. Here, also, is a solid tax base and a strong disinclination to use it to "reward rioters." The suburbs tend to be politically heterogeneous—they've been called a "political mixed salad"—but by and large they elect Congressmen who show up in political science studies as anti-metro, anti-larger-federal-role, and—on the central issue of spending money in the ghetto—as simply conservative.

Scattered like tightly packed islands within this suburban sea are the main liberal-electing constituencies. The poor white and black ghetto areas of our central cities, because of their density and socio-economic homogeneity, usually provide lopsided electoral victories for their reform Representatives and thereby waste votes that the reform coalition badly needs.

This demographic polarization, and the racism that intensifies it, are the major factors underlying the crumbling of the old Roosevelt coalition. They are similarly the major factors undercutting Harrington's hope for a transformed Democratic Party.

Thus Harrington naively assumes that the machinery of the exploitative system which he opposes is politically neutral. "One of the most important paradoxes of the time," according to Harrington, is "that bureaucracy is itself a weapon to be used against bureaucracy."

He might have argued, in the manner of the traditional Left, that the government apparatus can become a positive force after the political system itself is changed. Or, with the New Left, he could have argued that no fundamental change is immediately in sight, so we must look for ways of getting around the federal roadblock as we fight it (using what power the Left does have on a grass-roots level). But by trying to use the existing system against itself, Harrington becomes tangled in the political marshmallow of the system he opposes. Liberal programs are easily lost within this complexity of bureaucracy and politics. The intricate system of political trade-offs—among President and Congress, Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, and among individual members—institutionalizes the *status quo*. And when liberal legislation is passed, its enforcement can often be effectively blocked. If Harrington really wants to build a creative, leftist alliance of influential proportions (and he does), then he has to develop an alliance that directly challenges and eventually undermines the existing American state. This he does not propose to do.

Harrington presents a scenario, a "dark vision" of a future in which "trade-unionists, Negroes and the poor will struggle against one another for scarce resources, such as housing, jobs and adequate education . . . . The social fabric of the nation will, of course, be torn to shreds." He proposes to avoid this "social horror story" with his strategy of the democratic Left. He doesn't pull it off, probably because he is too optimistic about the short-run future.

In fact, this "dark vision" is a likely possibility in the next two decades, although one often exaggerated by those prone to apocalyptic visions. The real question is: Can this coming period be used to weld together a truly new coalition for truly radical change?

Harrington, however, looks at the future with a short-term, uncreative perspective, and he therefore ends up offering virtually nothing new on the programmatic level. Since he provides no basis for assembling a New Majority coalition, he is left with only a skeleton —the old politics.

Harrington devotes a major section of his book to an exposition of how easy it would be—in a technical sense —to solve the nation's problems. He talks of "the immediate possibilities of a Freedom Budget, tax reform and the progressive use of Government contracts." It is all as politically practical (in terms of positive accomplishments) as the Full Employment Bill of 1945. Moreover, it is dangerous. For the effect of such discussion is to mislead those seriously concerned with the evils of our system into believing that slow reform and transformation along social-democratic lines is a real and practical alternative. It misleads them into a fruitless shadowboxing that leaves untouched the very evils Harrington has outlined.

Book Marks

HOWARD N. MEYER

Mr. Meyer is the author of Colonel of the Black Regiment (*W. W. Norton*).

EYEWITNESS: THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN HISTORY: *By William Loren Katz. Pitman Publishers. Illustrated. 554 pp. $9.75.*

Mr. Katz began teaching secondary school history in 1952 and soon felt obliged to remedy omissions and distortions pertaining to the Negro in America in the textbooks he used in his New York

(Continued on page 739)

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Poetry of the Anti-War

BLACK MOUNTAIN, LOS ALTOS

Clumps of ghostly buckeye
bleached bones
weirdly gray in the run-off
between ridges, the flats
in fog. Five deer grazing
on a far hill. The soft
cluck of mourning doves,
creeks running. I feel
furry as sage here
after an hour's walk
in the clear midmorning air.
Only
three species of tree in
all these hills: blue oak,
the buckeyes, and patches
of leafy, fragrant laurel.
In the old quiet the Indians
could have heard bells
at Mission Santa Clara
where the brown-cowled padres
taught the Sorrowful Mysteries
with a whip . . .
They manufacture napalm
in the fog where Redwood
City sprawls into the bay.
I think of the village
of Ben Hoa, the early spring
death in the buckeyes
and up the long valley
my eyes flash like another
knife, clean as malice.

ROBERT HASS

SIX O'CLOCK NEWS

For the Southeast Asian spot the deer
takes a trench and twists across the screen.
The tank thunders yet offstage.
The view, to avoid allegory,
is mostly posterior, but my son,
a craftless three, joys at such goings-on
and recites a favored nursery word.
For two years now he has named the animals,
has watched the creatures come and go through
the endless garden of his mind. He has
been spared, thus far, of knowing tanks, the aim
of that phallic snout. But I wonder if,
as a late poet somewhat said, the tanks will not
chase him out of grace and the meadows from his mind.

JOHN OSTLING

A BODY BECOMES A FURROW: VIETNAM

up the hill they haul the whole side of the first
building: a canteen already wired

for cold drink machines &
the smooth flush of the foreign
cereals one is forced to consume highly

seasoned. the small fields almost
upright on the hills shed the rain, sometimes
seize shallow pools where a body becomes

a furrow & the grain in the belly blossoms
through the clothes, blows stems

thin as eyelashes over the sightless pools

DENNIS SCHMITZ

LA RUE SANS JOIE

(To the memory of Bernard B. Fall)

Tired from the sounds
His own voice made
He turned at a corner.

His footsteps ceased.
He heard himself
Breathing the twilight.

What was the matter
With the gold air?
It caught in his throat.

He said to himself:
I am a garden
Harrowed for war.

The houses were walls;
The paving-stones
Were a barren ground.

Fluttering commenced.
Wings sifting down.
Leaflets. His breath.

Under his weight
The stones flowered
And the light branched;

The soldiers sprang
From the red earth
Into an escort.

ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

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AFTER THE MARCH TO THE PENTAGON, OCTOBER 1, 1966

1

The evening shadow slides
up the wall.

A long time ago
my mother throws a dead parrot
into the furnace and chases fish
around the bathroom with a toothbrush.

Raindrops still hang
on the window
like broken insects.

2

My body is
a darkening vessel
filled with black blood

cries of an icy hand
travelling down schoolhouse corridors.

3

Everywhere, women
standing like islands
pulling the black veins from their bodies

their husbands' heads
the size of an assembly plant
hover above them, like tame
predatory birds.

4

Even the inmates know—
the tidal wave is inevitable.
Crowds from as far as Bakersfield
gather on the beaches
as a giant teen-age girl
in a half-ton bikini
walks into the water,
with sailors and submarines
under her arms.

GABOR KOVACSI

THE POWER TO MAKE WAR

Built to swing like arbors in the wind,
Multicolored, iridescent as summer wings,
The feeding cones hang, but no birds come.
Here and elsewhere death stalks the hills,
Birds and men move furtively, without sound;
Sharp eyes probe each leaf and twig's turning,
For movement, antithesis of death, brings death.

Growing up in a village soaked in blood
By the wanton murder of ninety-six
Men, women, and children,
I early learned not to dig the mound
On which we lay to play our games;
A friend, turning soil with his bare hands,
Unearthed bone fragments scalloped by worms.

Here and elsewhere the power to make war
Unsettles minds; as if gun, napalm and bomb
Could restore the necessary dream.
Even as nature recoils
From the nightmare of their acts,
Mesmerized men, counseled by their kind,
Automate death, and shattered bodies bleed.

PAUL BENNETT

THE WAR: MARKING TIME

It's early March, almost another season.
Wild birds blow from bough to bough
inside your human head.

The sun no longer sours in the belly of a bear.
There's even, almost, a clean bite to the air.

We who pretend to survive ourselves and more
must now discount the living from the dead
as the last snows clear.

STANLEY PLUMLY

BOOK MARKS

(Continued from page 737)

classrooms. Unlike the nearsighted who generously offer "Negro History" to curricula for black children only ("give them a usable past, by all means"), he recognized that we had inherited an educational establishment geared to perpetuate racism among whites as well as to inculcate inferiority among blacks, an effect he describes as "grim cruelty." For the sake of insuring the credibility of what was not mentioned in, or contradicted by, the texts, he sought supplementary material and especially eyewitness accounts of episodes or events of interest, to furnish to his own students. Over the years he gathered enough data for the development of a full-length treatment of the history of the Negro in America. This he has done by dividing the original or eyewitness materials into nineteen groups and prefacing each with a narrative that is self-contained as well as introductory to the documents and excerpts. The copious illustrations are attractive and instructive. The "Chapters" correspond with the "units" of a social studies curriculum (obviously no coincidence, for the publisher must be aiming at the school as well as the trade market). But we are a nation, for the most part, of culturally deprived ex-students; many whites are infected with varying degrees of racism and many blacks with alienation due to belief in a myth-ridden past and a lack of the sense of community that comes with a shared heritage. To say that adults should read books like *Eyewitness* is easy: unfortunately, the greater the need, the less likely to read.

THE NEGRO AMERICAN: A Documentary History. *By Leslie H. Fishel, Jr., and Benjamin Quarles. William Morrow & Co. Illustrated. 536 pp. $6.95.*

The purpose of the authors has been to gather, select and present documents, preferably those not readily available elsewhere, that will illustrate the role of the Negro in American history and inform

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as to the Negro's own history in America. The documents offered range much more broadly than mere first-hand or factual accounts: there is a good deal of interpretive and illustrative material as well, such as legal documents, contemporary racial and political polemics and excerpts from earlier essayists, advocates, chroniclers and historians. One deficiency Fishel and Quarles share with Katz—not really to be explained by delay between date of completion and publication—is the omission of the outstanding characteristic of the Johnson-Humphrey era: the "Tragic Gap" (as the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., called it as long ago as its Spring, 1966, convocation) between civil rights law and its enforcement. The concept of "tokenism" is not mentioned in this work and appears in Katz only indirectly in a speech by Malcolm X. The discontent of the white know-nothing with new legislation, and the dissatisfaction of the oppressed with the insignificant changes in their plight produce a consensus of displeasure that dominates our day. There is nothing in the final twelfth of the Fishel/Quarles work—"The Last Mile to Freedom"—which reveals the existence of the gap, much less illumines the reason for it.

IN THEIR OWN WORDS: A History of the American Negro. *Vol. I*, 1619-1865. *195 pp. Vol. II*, 1865-1916. *180 pp., Vol. III*, 1916-1966. *212 pp. By Milton Meltzer. Thomas Y. Crowell. $4.95 each.*

Although they are listed for the so-called juvenile market, there is nothing that should deter any interested adult from reading or consulting any of the three volumes. The only feature that distinguishes them from the average "adult" book is the size of the type face and the generous leading. Volume I offers David Walker's *Appeal* and Nat Turner's *Confessions* (the genuine article); and Volume II presents such atrocities as the cold-blooded murder of Charles Caldwell, while Volume III concludes with an interview with Fannie Lou Hamer, indicating no inhibitions on the author's part about "telling it like it is." The maturity of the content of the documents is matched by the candor and lack of condescension in the individual introductory paragraphs written for each excerpt. Insight and information are offered that cannot fail to be of interest to readers seeking to make a beginning of the inquiry so crucial to our epoch: "Who are we Americans and how did we get that way?"—the question posed by Lerone Bennett at a Negro History Week breakfast in New York in 1965. Meltzer weaves a narrative that informs as it entertains. The result is as impressive as Martin Duberman's *In White America* (a documentary drama) but more rewarding because so much more ground is covered. Each of the first two volumes deals with substantially the same periods as the two volumes of Herbert Aptheker's monumental *A Documentary History of the Negro People in the United States* (first published in 1951 and recently reissued in paperback) to which they seem somewhat indebted. The Aptheker work remains essential for any serious student of American history. Meltzer's third volume, contrary to its title, terminates in 1964, and actually does not contain much about events in the sixties; it could nevertheless make invaluable reading for *both* a white parent and teen-age child in offering the former information about the times in which he grew up that was never covered honestly by the media, and the latter some questions to ask his social studies teacher about what is missing from the textbooks.

THE BURDEN OF RACE. *By Gilbert Osofsky. Harper & Row. 654 pp. $7.95.*

Subtitled "A Documentary History of Negro-White Relations in America," Professor Osofsky's compilation is modestly described in its preface as offering his "personal and selective vision" of significant ideas that explain "America's racial past." But every selection of documents—as indeed every history—is personal and selective. As recently as 1966, Daniel Boorstin published a 1,000-page, two-volume U.S. documentary history, elaborately annotated, without a single word from Frederick Douglass or any other Negro historical figure: not Du-Bois, not Martin Luther King, not Booker T. Washington. Osofsky's anthology is strongest where some of the other documentary compilations are weak, in the long "dark age" of the post-Reconstruction period, and in the modern urban era with which literature he became particularly familiar in compiling his history of Harlem. His understanding of the ghetto prompts him to present Garvey and Garveyism more compassionately than have others. He gives appropriate significance (as do none of the other works under review, although Meltzer gives the facts) to the Scottsboro cases. Those trials and appeals represent a significant watershed in the nation's, as well as the Supreme Court's turn from nullification of the Fourteenth Amendment's promise of equality and justice. While properly critical of the twists, the turns and the opportunism of the Communist Party's position, Osofsky is unique among non-Communist historians in observing with fairness and candor:

> The Party's call for full racial equality and its attempts to devise methods of achieving it were rare in the history of American radicalism .... Party workers in the South refused to acquiesce to Southern codes of racial etiquette when they worked with sharecroppers or the unemployed, and many paid the consequences of such heresy.

BLACK PROTEST: History, Documents, Analyses. 1619 To The Present. *By Joanne Grant. Fawcett World Library. 512 pp. Paper 95c.*

The inclusion in the title of the phrase "1619 to the present" may not have been Miss Grant's responsibility; but there is a disappointing lack of balance particularly in the incompleteness of the five sections that cover the pre-1955 period. Almost half of the material dates from the coming into being of SNCC, and as documentation of a decade of militancy, its dividends, its disillusionment and the beginnings of separatism—that is to say, the neo-separatism of our day—the book is an obvious bargain. There is a popular need for a documentation of the history of protest, as such, and this is an adequate treatment of the modern period, with one major exception: the continuing protest against racism in educational materials, racism in the media, both published and electronic, is not reflected here.

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PEACE IN VIETNAM--JUSTICE IN AMERICA

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The United States is currently spending 30 billion dollars a year (3½ million dollars an hour, 24 hours a day) of the nation's wealth on an effort which is morally unjustifiable, politically inexpedient, and economically unsound.

We submit that the war in Vietnam could conceivably involve the total destruction of the Vietnamese people and their land. (We see no other alternative because the goals of our policy are nebulous and morally bankrupt.)

We ask that our country's human resources and technology take up the task of meaningfully eliminating poverty at home.

We, as social workers, want to see our national efforts re-directed toward a final solution of economic and social problems.

One of the hardest facts to convey to the American people is that the gulf between poor Americans and those who are "making it" is **increasing,** not lessening. The effects of this desperation of 25% of our total population are beginning to be felt throughout the land. It is the duty of those who govern in our name to do what Americans have built a reputation for doing—turn a great liability into an opportunity.

We propose the following:

1. That the United States immediately initiate withdrawal of its military men, supplies and equipment from Southeast Asia, including (but not limited to) the countries of Vietnam, Thailand, and Laos.
2. That a symposium be convened in Washington, D.C., to plan the strategies for eradicating poverty in this country. This symposium should include, at full salary, anyone with constructive suggestions on how the job might be done.
3. That the 30 billion dollars budgeted annually for the war be reassigned toward implementing the programs formulated in the aforementioned manner.

As social workers, it is crucial that we pledge our minds and energies to help rebuild our society. A few small men with large egos and a great mass of apathetic Americans have permitted the evolvement of an increasingly alienated society. We must change this direction and channel our energies into a system which considers it most fundamental obligations to be the eradication of poverty and the provision of a chance for all men to live in peace.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

A fail-safe device long popular with the science fictionist perplexed to terminate his galactic voyage is the time warp—a concept whereby, under conditions of extreme distance or speed, sequential experience is alleged to fracture and permit simultaneous existence in discontinuous segments of chronology. Thus a voyager somewhere beyond alpha Centauri may discover that he has become his own son or his own grandfather, as the case may be. Since this phenomenon, like the related anomaly of extra-dimensional space, is not only inexplicable but incomprehensible to the linear thought processes of contemporary man, it allows the novelist to exit in a display of pyrotechnic mysticism. But it is done at the cost of raising in the reader a suspicion that the narrative carpet has been snatched from under him; the most resourceful practitioners avoid it.

I was sorry, thus, that the sole surviving argonaut of the Stanley Kubrick-Arthur C. Clarke *2001* found himself at journey's end in a Directoire motel bedroom, hobnobbing with himself at several ages, including the yet unborn. This personal redundancy was preceded by passages of considerable length in which the lights of Broadway appeared to have been reduced to a jet stream by mirrors in parallel and the substance of the color film itself seemed to melt into spirals of fuming infinity. Neither effect is unknown to experimental film makers of the past twenty years.

The ambiguity of these closing scenes is the more disappointing because at least twice in its progress this most ambitious and often most thrilling of space films promises some energy of communication. First, a segment of the picture that precedes the planetary departure from the moon introduces some sardonic comment on the transfer of middle-class sentimentality, affluent comfort and the CIA mentality to orbit. Then, once deep space itself is invaded, it becomes apparent that a conflict is brewing between the two human astronauts and the computer that operates the ship and is known as Hal.

Here the picture shows signs of shifting over from social criticism to melodrama—the natural habitat of science fiction. Hal, we are told, may have had "feelings" programed into its circuits, the better to communicate with its flesh and blood lieutenants. It soon develops that the computer, which talks in a voice suggesting a too great attachment to its mother, is motivated primarily by feelings of paranoia. Disaster, of course, follows, but the plot does not. We are left to confuse ourselves with the semantic dilemma of whether or not a sufficiently sophisticated "electronic brain" could develop an identity. Some independence of operation can be built into computers and man may thus in time condition himself to assume their autonomy, but if Hal was indeed a homicidal psychotic it was because someone back there had coded the mania into its transistor. Some promising suspects were to be seem tramping about the moon in their snappy space suits, but we shall never know—the threads are all lost in fog and the flouting of Aristotle and Euclid. I prefer that thrillers should unmask the villain.

Finally, the mock-ups of astronomy and space technology are beautiful (the great rotating wheel of the way station between earth and moon is magnificent) and the expediencies of weightlessness are amusing. A great deal of skill and ingenuity went into this amazing voyage to nowhere.

As evidence that I am not hostile to temporal anomaly per se, I recommend Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Trans-Europ-Express*. It seems that M. Robbe-Grillet, his daughter and a friend decide to devote the time of a trip from Paris to Antwerp to concocting a story about dope smuggling from Antwerp to Paris, using as their man with the false-bottomed suitcase, Jean-Louis Trintignant, whom they have spotted as a fellow passenger. With occasional pauses for consultation, Robbe-Grillet ad-libs the tale into a tape recorder held on his daughter's knees and Trintignant obliges as best he can by carrying out the tentative and not always consistent moves of the casual plot. It quickly becomes evident that Robbe-Grillet takes a somewhat tongue-in-cheek view of the high-camp, odd-sex chase films of recent acclaim. Trintignant is endowed with a taste for ropes and chains, and soon finds the girl to wear them. He is also bedeviled by a series of signals, passwords and rendezvous so pointlessly complicated that only a lively mind bored by travel could have invented them.

Robbe-Grillet is being arrogant for our entertainment. When one of his companions objects that the beset smuggler didn't have on him the key that was stolen from him, the author says: "We'll cut that in the editing." And when there is a question as to whether Trintignant would dispose of a package, he tosses it always a half dozen times and ends with it under his arm. *Trans-Europ-Express* is a picture about time wasting designed to waste time attractively. And Marie-France Pisier, playing the girl who accepts pseudo-sadism as business as usual, is most attractive.

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